

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 2, No. 36

The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor.  
Office—9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1889.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Whole No. 88

## Around Town.

Many people are unaware of the almost absolute necessity experienced by newspapers and publicists of all sorts of dropping into canting and humbugging phrases in order to win or retain public confidence. No better example was ever given than last Saturday, when the *Globe* and *Mail*, in order to square themselves with the public published absurdly "canting" editorials anent the proposed Sunday street car service. In only one point did they strike home at an opposing chord of cant; i. e., the plea that such a service was needed in order to encourage church going among the masses. It must be admitted that churches are near enough to everybody and no one need walk very far in order to hear a preacher. But often such preachers! Almost as a rule they are tiresome and uninteresting. If they preached the gospel as once delivered to the saints it would be, at least sound, but they are sectarians, dull and far, far away from the people. There are some eloquent divines in Toronto who deliver their message with earnestness and strike home to the human heart because they know something of humanity and its needs. If, by reason of Sunday cars, these preachers were more accessible their churches would not begin to hold the throngs who would go to hear them preach. The dull preacher knows this and it is natural that in order to retain his business he urges the continuance of the present condition of things. The offer would drop off, the attendance would go down and the worst consequences might be expected if clever preachers could draw from all over the city. The only hope of doctor-of-divinity mediocrity is to force people to attend the nearest church or stay away from divine service. Perhaps under the same circumstances you and I would take the same view of it. We must respect the vested rights of pulpites even if all feel that the good of the community is made to suffer and that intelligence is being driven into laziness by protected imperfection.

There is another phase of it. Every Protestant in Toronto is not an Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist or Baptist. There are many small denominations which can afford but one or two churches and the members of the bodies must travel long distances in order to hear the doctrines they love. The penalty of their devotion is in many cases a long and weary walk, but this is perhaps but a proper punishment of heterodoxy. Why should they pass a church and a collection box at their very door in order to attend an unpopular service elsewhere?

I admit that some cant has entered into the defence of a Sunday car service, but what have we seen on the other side? In the *Globe* for instance! A rabid attack on those who do not observe the Sabbath, a denunciation so sweeping and severe that it strikes all those who do not recognize the Mosaic day of rest and worship! Now, I for one do not believe that the Divine law holds me upon this point. I may be wrong, but I am conscientious in the belief that we are not, religiously speaking, living under the law of Moses, but of Christ. In the first place, if we are to observe the Jewish Sabbath, why do we not make Saturday our day of rest? There is no controversy over the point that the seventh, and not the first day of the week, was the one set apart by God as the world's breathing spell. On that day He Himself rested after creating the world. I am unaware of any divine ukase changing the day and continuing the law. When "old things passed away," the Mosaic law "came to an end," and no word of Christ or his apostles imposed on the Christian dispensation the Sabbatarian regime of the era which was closed by the sacrifice of Christ.

I do not deny that the Lord's day was instituted as a monument of Christ: I believe in its eternal wisdom as a record of the most conspicuous event in the world's history—a record more plain to the populace than a pyramid could have been, inasmuch as it appears every week in each Christian life. To make its meaning evident to all those who were commanded "to forsake not the assembling of themselves together," the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was instituted, and in the apostolic days of the church we are told they "met together to break bread," and incidentally it is mentioned in the same connection that "Paul preached unto them"—not that they met together to hear Paul preach, and incidentally partook of the Sacrament. Nowadays the meetings together are to hear preaching, and when it is convenient, or at stated periods, the Lord's Supper is introduced as a minor or moveable feast. These departures from undeniable precedent, explicit instruction, and early practice, make

the thoughtful somewhat doubtful of the sincerity of those who observe the first day and pretend to so deeply revere the seventh, which, by the way, is still rigidly held to by the Jews, who deny that the Mosaic dispensation is at an end, or that the Messiah has come.

Of course those who so tenaciously cling to the observance of the Sabbath—not the first day, because the two are not interchangeable dates—have arguments which they bring to bear. It may sound presumptuous, but I am not afraid to say that so far as Christ's law or any logic which admits His Messiahship is concerned, they are worthless. Then, it may be said, I deny the force of any of the commandments! By no means. Every truth remains, no matter where expounded. Every moral injunction should be obeyed, because it is necessary to morality in the same way that sanitary rules must be known and recognized in order to good health. When by Christ's coming "old things passed away," it did not mean that the moral truths of the old scriptures should be forgotten or remain unobserved, but that new institutions had been established, the rigid observance of the old Sabbath was changed to the loving remembrance of Christ's sacrifice which all Christians have apparently agreed should be on what we call by the pagan name of Sunday—or, in other

the superstitions and emotions which guide the majority of their customers. Custom has made it dangerous, well nigh impossible for them to break away from the habit of cant and the practice of what they are personally convinced is arrant humbug. It is too often the case that those who denounce such deception are branded by honest people as skeptics and designing knaves, so fixed are beliefs and so tenacious do people become of their most palpable errors. It is admittedly easier to float with the tide than to stem the current. What is true of the rush of waters, is still more applicable to that outpouring of public opinion which, at the time, and on the surface, seems to be the united—almost unanimous—expression of what everyone thinks. Yet we all know that such verdicts are frequently nothing more than the expression of what people imagine they ought to think, or the thoughtless expression of people made before they begin to think. It is regrettable that newspapers pander so much to this surface opinion. When they have really thought a matter out, or have referred to them a question of abstract justice and right, I believe the people are sure to give a just answer; but in matters of education, of superstition, when either ignorance sits in judgment on enlightenment, or when, what is but a vague reaching-after-truth, a habit-bound and-spook-haunted impulse has to de-

there anyone in the city of Toronto, excepting the Jew himself, who observes this commandment? I doubt if even the Hebrews in Toronto feel bound to observe it. Again, in chap. xxi of Exodus, immediately following the commandments and a portion of the exposition thereof are the texts upon which the old slaveholders used to prove their right to slaves and defend slavery as a divine institution. Does the editor of the *Globe* believe that this law ought to be followed still? And, as he is such a great stickler for the Sabbath, what does he do on the seventh year, called the Sabbath of Sabbaths? See Leviticus xxv., 37: "Six years thou shalt sow thy field, and six years thou shalt prune thy vineyards and gather in the fruits thereof. But in the seventh year shall be a Sabbath of rest unto the land, a Sabbath for the Lord, and thou shalt neither sow thy field nor prune thy vineyard. That which growth of its own accord of thy harvest thou shalt not reap, neither gather the grapes of thy vine undressed, for it is the year of rest unto the land. And the Sabbath of the land shall be meat for you, for thou and for thy servant, and for thy maid and for thy hired servant and for thy stranger that sojourneth with thee; and for thy cattle and for the beasts that are in thy land shall of the increase thereof, be meat." Does the editor of the *Globe* on

shall no flesh be justified in his sight." Romans iii., 23. "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." Romans vii., 4. "Wherefore my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ." (6.) "But now we are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held." And speaking of the old covenant, St. Paul says (Hebrews viii., 13) "In that he saith he hath made the first old, now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away." (6) "Now that he hath obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also is he the mediator of a better covenant which was established upon better promises!" After this he goes on to describe the covenant, in that the Lord would put "His laws into their minds and write them in their hearts" (instead of on the stone as in the case of the Mosaic law). If you will begin to read at Romans xii.—I won't pretend to go over the ground thoroughly, but simply give you a few passages as examples of the change in the teaching and preaching in the Christian dispensation—you will find that we are told to "recompense no man evil for evil." In Exodus we are taught that an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," is the proper basis of conduct. In the Mosaic time the avenger used to seek for the life of his enemy and pursue him to the gates of the city of refuge. Now we are told, "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink." In these chapters Paul sets forth the duty of man to man and gives us apparently a resume of the moral law that we should observe and sets forth many things which many strict Sabbatarians are not wont to obey. He tells us of our duty to our rulers as well as to one another, enjoins us to "owe no man anything," but to "love one another, for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law," and then he gives us a resume of the old commandments which we ought to obey, at least that portion which refers to the dealings between man and man. Rom. xii., 9. "Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Thou shalt not covet." And if there be any other commandment it is briefly comprehended in this saying, viz. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," in this there is no word about the Sabbath; and it is a good deal more elastic and more loving than the Mosaic law. Then in chapter xiv., we are told something about our relations to God and Christ, as well as to our brother. And I commend to the consideration of the editor of the *Globe*, from verse 5 onward: "One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord, and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. He that eateth and drinketh to the Lord for he giveth God thanks, and he that eateth not to the Lord, he eateth not, and giveth God thanks. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself (here comes the strength of the position that Paul sets forth that everything we have should be the Lord's.) For whether we live we live unto the Lord, or whether we die we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

How does the insinuation of the *Globe* that everyone who believes in a less strict view of the Sunday question is corrupt, vicious, anxious for wickedness and revelling in sin agree with "But why dost thou judge thy brother; why dost thou set at naught thy brother?" and verse 13 "Let us not therefore judge one another any more."

This much, at least, is apparent, that the uncharitable things said by the *Globe* are justified neither by the old law nor the new. It is further apparent that in conduct, violent Sabbatarians are governed neither by the old nor the new law. They do not observe the Sabbath, either on the day or in the spirit of the law. They don't love or regard their neighbors with the spirit of Christ. While defending the fourth commandment they set at naught the one which says, "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." The *Globe* employs are forced to labor on Sunday or lose their situations. In the *Mail*, which is endeavoring to be equally Puritanical, the case is the same and they are both evidently under the yoke of the law, "in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," false to that which they pretend to serve, and apparently ignorant of the mild and gentle precepts of the dispensation under which they live. Prob-



SLEEP.

From Lady's Pictorial.

words, the day devoted by the barbarians of ancient England to the worship of the sun. So objectionable was the word Sunday to the strict sect in which I was reared that they called it the Lord's Day, and always on that day bread was broken and wine drunk in remembrance of Him. I make these explanations because some of those who have such a wonderful belief in the necessity of observing a day which is not the Jewish Sabbath or anything which can be proven to be a continuance of it, are apparently unacquainted with the fact that "Sunday" is a pagan word and that it does not even coincide in point of time with the old Jewish Sabbath. Of the Lord's Day I need say no more; its name declares its meaning, and I, with saddening knowledge of my imperfections and shortcomings, would be glad to hug to my heart the delusion that by attending church for an hour or two and loafing around the house or lying abed "resting" I am serving Him on that day as I ought. I am, however, made painfully aware by my conscience—whether or not that be but a memory of things I have been taught—that it falls far short of the duty of him who would properly observe the Lord's Day, and I feel more and more that "loafing" is no more a part of the day's duty than "loafing around under the tree of life and twanging a harp is to be the ultimate end and consummated glory of a Christian career beyond the grave.

But I have gotten away from my subject. Cant is defined in a general way as "an affectation of speech, as when one says or professes what he does not sincerely think, believe or feel." It is unfortunately true that publicists of the kind to which newspapers and preachers belong—an ephemeral and plant-to-day-and-reap-to-day kind—imagine it necessary to their success that they profess profoundest faith in

cite on a matter of eternal moment, evidence and argument ordinarily fail to produce anything but an irritated severity. Great daily newspapers ought to be above catering to such reactionary elements. Their best readers—those who fix both their commercial and moral status—are quick to observe such low methods and to despise the mental and moral cowardice which prompts them.

But to return after this second digression. If the *Globe* believes in the old Jewish Sabbath why does it fail to observe it and the many interesting rites which are inseparable from it?

We are so used to seeing the Ten Commandments as they are printed on a tablet and displayed to youthful eyes in Sunday or day schools that those who are not Bible students are apt to imagine that there are no modifications or instructions given with regard to them. For instance;—we are not only commanded by the Mosaic law to keep the Sabbath day holy but we are told that in six days may work be done but that in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest wholly to the Lord and whosoever doeth any work in the Sabbath day he shall surely be put to death.—Exodus xxi., 15. If this law were to be fulfilled how long would the esteemed editor of the *Globe* be permitted to live? Not only in one text but in at least half a dozen is the law repeated that "Whosoever doeth work therein shall be put to death." And immediately following this, in Exodus xxxv., 3, is this injunction: "Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitation upon the Sabbath day." Does the editor of the *Globe* refuse to permit a fire to be kindled in his house on what is esteemed to be the Sabbath? Is there any man in his employment who keeps the law? Does any member of his church hearken to this injunction? Is

every seventh year let his paper become the property of everybody, with all the profit or loss thereof to be divided amongst his employees or the public? And then on the fiftieth year—the Jubilee year—when besides refraining from labor and sowing and reaping, "ye shall return every man unto his possession," when "ye shall not oppress one another!"

But outside of these larger questions, how is it in the "seventh month, and the first day of the month, shall ye have a Sabbath of memorial, a blowing of trumpets, a holy convocation when ye shall do no servile work therein, but ye shall offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord?" Does the editor of the *Globe* observe the feast of unleavened bread, Exodus xxiv., 18. "Seven days shalt thou eat unleavened bread as I commanded thee." And verse 22. "And thou shalt observe the feast of the weeks, the first fruits of the wheat harvest and the feast of ingathering at the year's end."

Does the editor of the *Globe* understand the significance of the Sabbath, Exodus xxxi., 16, 17. "Wherefore the Children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath for a perpetual covenant, it is a sign between me and the Children of Israel forever." Those who wish to understand the Sabbath question let them begin at the twentieth of Exodus and follow on through Leviticus, and if this suggestion is any inducement to Bible study I shall be glad I made it, for I thoroughly believe that the majority of people, even church-goers, never open their Bibles except at church, and fifty per cent. do not open them there.

Now in the new order of things we find a far different system. Gal. ii., 1-6, "By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." Romans iii., 20, "Therefore by the deeds of the law



ably they are "continuing in sin" in the publication office that "grace may abound" amongst their readers, but I am doubtful if transparent cant, pretentious humbug and hypocrisy—the nudity of which is scarcely relieved by the traditional fig leaf—can have anything but a damaging effect on those who are guilty of it, and those who are presumed to be too ignorant to recognize it. In conclusion, permit me to refer you, beloved brother, to Romans ii, 6, with the text of which I have taken but slight liberty: "Therefore, thou art inexcusable, O editor, whosever thou art that judgest, for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself. For thou that judgest against a Sunday street car, dost the same or worse thing thyself—by publishing a Monday newspaper, the type of which is set on Sunday. (Verse 23.) Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonorest thou God. For the name of God is blasphemed amongst the Gentiles through you."

In what I have said in the foregoing paragraphs it has not been my intention to deny the necessity of the day of rest, but I would urge it on economic not on Mosaic principles. No man should work seven days a week, nor should he work too many hours on any one day. Leisure is necessary physically and without it he can achieve no mental advancement and must remain a drudge. The greater culture of this century is owing to the leisure of the greater number. I thoroughly believe that it should be a part of the law of the land, as it was a part of the Mosaic law, that man and beast should rest, but I do not contend that they must all rest on the same day, but that the greatest possible number should rest together, therefore in order that nearly all may rest on the same day, a few must work for the good of the many and take their holiday on another day so arranged as not continuously to deprive them of divine service.

I have but one other remark to make and that is with reference to the absolutely insulting terms with which the *Globe* refers to "Arriet" and "Arriet," meaning thereby, I presume, the serving man and woman. It imagines that if street cars were in vogue these people would go out on the spree and would make the country places howl with their undue exuberance and become a nuisance to everyone. The "Arriet and Arriet" of this country can take care of themselves and behave themselves as well as anybody else, and they can be taken care of and made behave if they are not inclined to mannerly conduct. I am not particularly anxious to see the thing submitted to a vote because I imagine that the question has not been thought out sufficiently to popularize the project. The majority of churches and religious bodies would oppose it and the masses, I admit, do not seem sufficiently interested to take any trouble to carry it. Organized labor fears that the working hours of the week would be prolonged, and until some scheme is presented which will assure workmen that their interests and well known desire for shorter hours shall be protected, they will oppose the scheme, not the less so because one of the papers which has been foremost in advocating it is unpopular with the wage-workers. However, those aldermen who refuse to submit it to the people and claim that the people have no right to have a say in the matter are quite as unworthy of public confidence as the newspaper which believes in restraints of traffic in order to keep "Arriet and Arriet" apart. Probably "Arriet and Arriet," confined in the same dingy apartment, would be much less harmless than with a license to roam about the fields and a street car to take them to their destination.

The past week has been prolific in drowning accidents, all of them due, apparently, to the recklessness of those who should know better. And yet this does not make less sad the bereavements which so many families have suffered. I saw the two hearses carrying the coffins of Mr. and Miss World to the cemetery on Wednesday and it was truly a saddening sight. One can scarcely conceive the bereavement which must be felt in a home when the father and grown daughter have both been taken away without those preparatory days of illness and fear which, while they torture, make ready the mind of the watcher for the end which is to come. Toronto as a city is much given to aquatic sport, and strangers have observed that nowhere else is the same bravado shown as on our bay. Almost any incoming excursionist by water may, if he will watch, see half a dozen boats almost swamped by the steamer. Mothers and fathers should teach their children that there is nothing smart in risking their lives in this manner, and young men and older ones too, should feel a greater sense of responsibility when they take another life in charge. But it is useless to lecture. In your fear is afar off, and in the case of the World accident even experience did not seem to bring that caution and sense of responsibility so necessary on board the little crafts which ply from our wharves to our island.

Considerable political speculation has been excited by the fact that the new Archbishop of Toronto is inclined to be a Conservative. I have yet to know an archbishop whose love for the church has been diminished by his political tendencies. Like his predecessor, Archbishop Walsh will do the best he can for the Roman Catholic Church in this province, and taking all in all, I imagine his appointment is rather an injury than a benefit to Mr. Meredith. The new Archbishop and the leader of the Opposition are friends, but the suspicion which that friendship may excite will much more than counterbalance any influence that Mr. Walsh will feel justified in using for Mr. Meredith's benefit. Just now the leader of the Opposition is between the devil and the deep sea; a part of his friends are viciously attacking French schools, the French language and other points which give offence to the strictest sect of the Roman Catholic Church. On the other hand Mr. Meredith seems to halt between two opinions, and now that the Archbishop personally leans towards him more than he does towards Mr. Mowat, it will neutralize the influence of the few converts whom the strong Protestant Conservatives have been

winning over from the government. A very strange thing in this connection comes to light in the appointment of Bishop Cleary of Kingston as another Archbishop. There is no doubt about where Bishop Cleary stands. He is a reactionary priest devoted to Catholic aggression in Ontario. While Archbishop Walsh is a very cautious, just and inoffensive man, Archbishop Cleary is hot-headed, not sufficiently deliberate in speech and exceedingly straight-laced. Some of the rash things he has said have made a great noise in this province without benefiting his church, and I think I voice the opinion of a very large majority of Catholics in this arch-diocese that a feeling of relief was experienced by every one when they learned that he was not to be their Archbishop. If the report of Bishop Cleary's appointment is correct it has more than a surface meaning, and I would not be surprised to see the two Archbishops working together to consolidate the Catholic vote in this Province with the idea of holding it as a separate and ever-threatening balance of power in the Legislature. I do not believe they will be successful in the movement for the simple reason that I am convinced of the independence of a large section of the Catholic voters and the well-declared intention of that class of our fellow-citizens to mark their own ballots and do their own thinking in secular matters. However, one thing at least is apparent, that Rome is giving a good deal of attention to the politics of this and our sister province, Quebec, and I am not disposed to imagine that it bodes any good either for Protestantism or unsectarian citizenship.

There is a movement on foot to recognize in some marked manner the efficient services, in England, of Mayor Clarke when he returns to Toronto. I should be glad to see it take the shape of a banquet, for our Mayor well deserves a public welcome, and it would be an early and fortunate opportunity for him to express his views concerning the money market and the municipal phenomena he has observed during his absence. No doubt the matter will be put in shape during the next few days.

I understand that the railways have not been slow to appreciate the stand taken by the citizens in their meeting a week ago Friday night, and that already influences of every sort are being brought to bear to quiet the agitation. It is too late. The citizens of Toronto are up in arms against the present state of affairs and peace will not be declared until the necessary reforms are adopted. The bungle which has characterized the building of bridges, and that supreme act of idiocy, the low-level bridge over the Don, which makes an important river channel valueless—are fresh in the memory of the people, and it is believed when once this movement gets under way that the whole problem will somehow be straightened out by the united efforts of the committee, the council and the Board of Trade. One thing at least we may be sure of, that the viaduct will necessarily raise the level of the bridge at the Don and make a repetition of the scene that was witnessed there the other day impossible. A couple of scows which were endeavoring to get under the bridge, had to be loaded down almost to the water's edge with stones to enable them to pass. Any one seeing that and knowing that upwards of a million dollars had been spent in making the river navigable above the bridge would be apt to enquire where the brains of the projectors of the scheme were who went on with the expenditure of money without thinking that even if the river were navigable no vessel could get into it on account of the low railway bridge. It is, without doubt, the most conspicuous piece of municipal bungling ever exhibited on this continent.

I have pleasure in acknowledging the following contributions to the Babies' Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$18.50
Bay Street.....	1.00
Geo. A. Mac.....	2.00
H. Fortier.....	5.00
City Contractor.....	5.00
No name.....	50
E. C. Osawa.....	30
A. H.....	1.00
	\$33.30

This week a boat load of youngsters went out for a sail and each one who has contributed to this fund has the pleasure of knowing that for every dime he sent me a little nursing of poverty had a day's enjoyment, with buns and milk galore.

The seizure of the sealing vessel Black Diamond in Behring Sea has brought about a crisis in the negotiations between Great Britain and the United States. It is just as well that the issue was forced without the shedding of blood. Canada will watch with interest whether Great Britain yields in this matter to the aggression of the United States. It is the unanimous opinion of the Canadian people, so far as expressed opinion has been heard, that Behring Sea belongs to us as much as to the owners of Alaska, except, of course the three mile limit which is all we claim on our own shores. If Great Britain takes a milder view of it it would create a feeling of distrust throughout the Dominion, and those opposed to Imperial connection will urge that if Great Britain does not see fit to protect her rights in the open sea she will be a poor custodian of our valuable fisheries on the Atlantic coast. But I reckon we need not give ourselves much anxiety. By the time the government which sent out the cruiser *Rush* gets through with John Bull Canadian sealers will be able to go out and fish undisturbed. However, if Canada had her own fight to make in this matter it is just possible that Brother Jonathan would be a little more inclined to be arbitrary than he will when British gun-boats patrol the waters in which the late seizure was made. It is not altogether a pleasant position for us as a colony to be dependent on the protection of the Motherland, but when Imperial Federation comes about and we have some voice in Imperial affairs we will be able to maintain a different attitude and speak of the matter as if we did it ourselves and were not forced to call out to our mamma to keep our neighbor's children out of our back-yard.

Some time ago I called attention to the fact

that in this Dominion there is no such thing as a Canadian. When the census is being taken the resident of this country is put down as English, Irish, Scotch, German, French, etc., but never as a "Canadian." You cannot be buried as a Canadian, the cemetery people demanding of the survivor as to whether deceased is English, Irish, etc. This is all wrong and the Government should change it. There never will be a strong Canadian sentiment while Canadians must shame their motherland by claiming the name of another nationality.

Hope speaks but faintly in the wish that immediate success may crown the efforts of the Equal Rights deputation to Quebec. The voice of expectation does not speak at all. For concerning the practical results of an interview with Lord Stanley Ontario hopes little and expects nothing.

I take the liberty of calling the attention of the esteemed contemporary from whose editorial column the above is taken, to the fact that he has fallen into the very common habit of misusing the word "hope." If the voice of Hope is heard at all, it is impossible that Expectation be silent. If I remember rightly Hope is defined as a combination of desire and expectation; Fear as expectation without desire; and Despair as desire without expectation. I think, therefore, that Despair is the word to be used in the above connection. Dos,

### Social and Personal.

The fourth weekly Hop and Pop of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association was held last Saturday evening and passed off very pleasantly, as usual. These occasions are looked forward to each week by all the Islanders as, perhaps, their greatest common source of pleasure. The programme of last Saturday was in two parts, as previously—music and dancing. Mr. Chas. Hooper kindly accepted the chair, and after a few good humored remarks, ushered in the programme. Those furnishing it were here recalled—Mrs. Fairweather, Capt. Andrews, and Paul Jarvis. Capt. Andrews gave a valuable address on life-saving, finishing with several laughable stories. Mr. Good, of the *Empire*, spoke a short time. Among those present were: Mrs. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. George Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Kirtland, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Jas. P. Murray, secretary, Mr. and Mrs. Cumming, Mrs. Percival, Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, the Misses Dryan, Miss Gilmour, Miss Louson of Montreal, Mr. and Miss Playter, the Misses Todd, the Misses Mason of Barrie, Miss K. Wade, Miss C. Webb and Messrs. Lightbourne, Macrae, Fred Hayes, Baque, Grant Stewart, Ambrey, Denison, E. Gray, Small, Lownds, Wilson, Mason, Carlyle, Brumelle, Louis Hayes and others.

This (Saturday) afternoon the association has its annual aquatic tournament in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children. The committees having the charge of affairs have worked hard and the citizens will find, if they visit the centre island, or what every body now knows as the Island Park, within three minutes' walk of the wharf, a course laid out and a great programme of aquatic sports on. A temporary seat structure has been put up and a ten cent badge is used as a ticket. The winners of the various events will be rewarded with silver and bronze medals, and arrangements have been made to have the distribution take place in the large room of the R. C. Y. Club on Monday evening after a short concert has been rendered.

Last Saturday a very jolly picnic party left Clendenning's wharf in John Hanlan's yacht, the *Rescue*, which landed them up the Humber, where courts were marked out in a rough way and sets of tennis played and a sumptuous tea sent out from the city was partaken of, after which they steamed for Toronto, arriving shortly after nine p.m., after having spent a delightful afternoon. Among those who were there, chartered by Mrs. Whitmore, were: Misses Edith and Maud Despard, Miss Lottie Wood, Miss May Fuller, the Misses Geikie, Miss Hardy, Mr. Hirschfelder, Dr. Geikie, Dr. Spillbury, Messrs. Symons, Newman, and H. Bourlier.

Mrs. J. O. Heward has been in town for a week with her two children, Charlie and Florence, and was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Edward Jones of Church street. Mrs. Heward returned last Monday to Niagara on the Lake, accompanied by Miss Edith Jarvis.

A large At Home was given at the Moorings, Hanlan's Point, last Wednesday evening, which was attended by the Islanders in costume to the number of nearly 400.

Mr. Charles Hirschfelder gave an At Home last Tuesday at his father's residence, Rosedale, although the family, with the exception of the vice-consul, are at Old Orchard. Miss Hirschfelder's place was ably filled by her niece, Miss Fuller, who received the guests.

Mrs. E. W. Edwards and daughter left last Thursday for Monroeth, Hanlan's Island.

Mrs. Tom Wood and family, as has been their custom for years back, left for the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, on Thursday last, where they will remain for the month of August.

Mrs. Joseph Ridout, accompanied by the Misses Todd, left last Thursday for Colborne. Her son, Mr. Walter Ridout, resides there.

The following ladies and gentlemen are summing at Windermere, Muskoka: From Toronto—Messrs. G. W. and G. C. Lillie and Miss Lillie, Messrs. Fred and Arthur Suckling, Mr. and Mrs. Haine, Mr. Osborne Haine, Master Fergus, Mr. and Mrs. Frith, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffers, Mr. and Mrs. Mowat and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Massey and child, Mrs. Jopling, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith, Miss C. Smith, Miss L. Smith, Miss B. Smith, Miss Towner, Miss Louie Livingstone, Miss W. Smith, Mr. Joseph Hughes, Mr. Ed Bailey, Mr. Gus Heward, Mr. Haldine, Mr. Pat Haldine, Mrs. E. H. Dewart, Mr. Ed Dewart, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, Misses Daisy and Jean-

nette Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Millichamp, Mr. W. Millichamp, Mr. Ed Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Lucas, Miss Nellie Lucas, Mr. R. T. Stovel, Mr. A. Sweetnam, Mr. Graham and child, Miss F. Taylor, Miss E. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. A. McDonald and family, Messrs. Hugh and Jack Ritchie, Mr. Sam Paton, Mrs. and Mrs. Nairn and the Misses Nairn, Mr. M. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. C. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Von Szellski and Miss C. Kerr, Mr. Chas. Moss, From Hamilton—Mrs. M. E. Hutchison, Mr. J. White, Jr., Miss Allie White and Master H. White, Mr. and Mrs. Van Allen, Mrs. Wm. Waddell, Miss A. Atcheson, Mr. and Mrs. Panshon and child, Mr. and Mrs. Greene and family, Mr. Aubrey Moore, Mr. A. H. Birge, Mr. George Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Valance, the Misses Zealand, Mr. Sanford Evans, the Misses L. and C. Evans, Mrs. and Miss Somerville, Master H. Evans, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Mockridge, Miss and Mr. Ed. Duffield, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Griffith and family, Messrs. J. and C. Mockridge. From Memphis, Tenn.—Mrs. P. A. Coe, Miss F. Coe and Master C. Coe, the Misses A. and D. E. Clarke, and Mr. W. Jefferson. From New York—Mrs. W. W. and Miss Marie Gage and Master C. Gage. From Ayr—Mr. and Mrs. Watson and family, Mr. George E. Goldie, Mr. H. Hilborn, Mr. J. Wylie. From Welland—Mr. W. Brockfield.

The annual championship tournament of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club will be held in the club grounds on Tuesday, September 3, and succeeding days. A new feature in the programme is the Veterans' Singles, which, from the interest taken in the game by some of the older members, bids fair to be a success. The grounds are in excellent condition at present on account of the abundant rainfall of this season.

Messrs. C. P. and Arthur A. Archbold sail on Thursday next from New York. They will visit the principal cities in Great Britain and Ireland, see the Paris Exposition and the O'Connor Searle boat race and return about October 1.

The Misses Archbold will spend the summer with their cousin, Mrs. Frank B. Bowes of Hyde Park, Chicago.

The following are at Maplehurst Hotel, Muskoka: Mrs. C. S. Laycock of Buffalo, Mr. L. George Lindsay of Toronto, Mr. C. B. Patterson of Oakville, Miss Jackson, Messrs. A. and F. Armstrong, Mr. U. Mulock of Toronto; Miss Gillespie of The Crag, Muskoka, Mr. R. Moffatt of Hamilton, Hon. E. H. Stowe, Mr. George N. Morud and son, Mr. Howard Jones, Mr. H. G. Floyd, of Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Bingham, Mrs. C. M. Norton, Mr. Risling Tucker, Mr. H. C. Dilke, Mr. Fred W. Perry, of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Edwards, Miss Edwards, Miss Watts of Sarnia; Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Miller and children, Miss Stanley, of Berlin; Mr. T. R. Spence of Cincinnati, O., Mr. and Mrs. W. Holton of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton of San Francisco.

Messrs. Cecil Horrocks and Frank Russell are enjoying a three weeks' outing around the Muskoka lakes and Georgian Bay.

The following Torontonians returned on Wednesday from Mackinac and Sault Ste. Marie: Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Miss Maud Gooderham and the Misses Gooderham, Dr. W. F. and Miss O'Reilly, Mr. Kivas Tully, C. E. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpeice and Miss Eva Smallpeice, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Oxnard, Miss Maud Oxnard, Mr. W. A. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. John Bruce and Miss Bruce.

The following Toronto people are at The Penetanguishene: Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mrs. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong, Mrs. Henry, Miss Thompson, Mrs. George Harman and family, Mrs. James Boulton, Mrs. Nordheimer's family, Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Bohne and family, Mr. Alan Macdougall and family, Mrs. Lockhart and family, Mr. Manson, Mr. McEhearn, Mr. McPhail and family, Mr. D. R. Wilkie and family, Miss Benson, Mrs. Page Wadsworth and family, Mrs. Lyndhurst Ogden and family, Mrs. Bethune and family, Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Hebdon and family, Mrs. and Miss Wyatt, Mrs. and Miss Cumberland, From Hamilton: Judge, Mrs. and Miss Sinclair, Mrs. and Miss Stewart, Mr. Carr, Mr. Barnard.

Mr. G. W. Badgerow, County Crown Attorney, and Sheriff Widdifield, left yesterday for a tour through Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

H. S. Honor Judge McDougall, is holidaying at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moulson and family are summering at their cottage on Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Phillips and Miss Olive Phillips of Beverley street are taking a two weeks' tour through Muskoka.

Mrs. W. H. Jones and Miss Myrtle Jones of Crawford street and the Misses Phillips of Beverley street are enjoying a two months' holiday on Lake Huron.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McGann of Parliament street are spending a few weeks with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Brophy, at their home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. C. A. Phillips and Miss Eyre of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. George Eyre of Brighton, leave to-day for Niagara where they will stay at the Queen's Royal.

Col. Fred C. Denison and Dalton McCarthy, M.P., accompanied by Mrs. Denison and Mrs. McCarthy left on Wednesday for the West. They will spend a month in British Columbia.

Rev. R. A. Bilkie, assistant minister at the Church of the Ascension, who has been in England for the past two months, has returned and will conduct the service to-morrow.

Mr. E. R. Doward, organist of the Church of the Ascension, who has been holidaying at the Thousand Islands, has returned.

The following guests are at Hutton House,

Muskoka: Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Reddit of Aurora, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Jones and family of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Haller and family of Lindsay, Messrs. J. A. Palmer and Wm. Sibbitt of Bracebridge, Wm. Hollingshead of Berks, England, James Boyes of Bracebridge.

A very pleasant party is summering at St. Germain Island, Lake Joseph, Dr. Canniff's beautiful island, known as Cosy Nook Camp. The company consists of Mrs. Canniff, Mrs. Thorpe, sister of Dr. Canniff, Miss Alice Williams, daughter of the rector of St. John's Church, Miss Canniff, Master Willie Roberts, son of Capt. Roberts, Mr. Fred Canniff and Master Aubrey Canniff.

Miss May Fahey, who passed successfully at the Toronto Conservatory examinations recently, is summering at Penetang.

Mr. C. H. Murdoch has amongst his guests at Macassa Point, Lake Rosseau, Mrs. Dunn, Miss Birdie Dunn, Mr. Med Fahey, Miss Clara and Mr. John Macdonald Fahey and Mr. Alf Blackburn, of Toronto.

Miss Alice E. Sweetnam is enjoying the sea breezes on the New Jersey coast.

The following guests are staying at Summit House, Port Cockburn, Muskoka: Mr. Henry Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. J. Martin, Mr. J. S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bates, Mr. Aubrey White, the Misses White, Mr. T. B. Young, Mr. Benj. Allen, Mr. J. A. Littlejohn, Mr. Alf Mackenzie, Mr. James Proctor, Mr. W. F. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bailey, Miss Ella Fyfe, Mrs. P. L. Mason, Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Mitchell, Miss Addie Mitchell of Toronto; Miss Nettie Chisholm, Miss Annie M. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Downwell, Mrs. Macmahon, the Misses Kate, Mary, Daisy, and Eleanor Macmahon, Mr. Percy Macmahon, Mr. John Macmahon, Miss Hattie Fields of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sheppard, Mr. H. E. Smith, Mr. C. Allen of Buffalo, Mr. J. M. Berdan of Toledo, Ohio; Mr. W. P. Scott, Mr. G. L. Severance, Mr. A. Severance of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Stanbridge of Ogdensburg, N.Y.; Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Staley of Detroit.

The eighth annual convention of the Canadian Shorthand Society will be held in the Normal School in this city on Monday, August 12. A cordial invitation is given to all lovers of the art. In the evening a bust of Isaac (Continued on Page Eleven.)

### FOR AN

### Engagement or Birthday Present

One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on front-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

**E. BEETON**  
High Grade Watch Specialist  
Opposite Post Office

### Sea Side Excursions

Montreal Quebec  
Murray Bay Saguenay  
White Mountains Portland  
Rye Beach Passamaquoddy  
**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**  
72 Yonge Street Toronto.

### MISS M. MORRISON

41 KING STREET WEST  
Is now showing a choice and varied assortment of

### New Millinery Goods

To which inspection is invited.

The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also being under able management.

### COACHMAN'S

### Collars and White Washing Ties

These are made special'y. The Collars are round cornered and the Ties are made of Fine White Linen.

### WHEATON & CO.

17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

### SPRING 1889

French Millinery Emporium, 43 King St. West.  
(Opp. Post Office, first floor.)  
We will be prepared on and after the 13th inst. to show our spring importations in trimmed and untrimmed millinery, flowers, feathers and novelties.

### Mrs. A. BLACK, Mgr.

(Formerly of No. 1 Rossin House Block.)

### W. F. ROSS & CO.

ROOM 1,  
35 AND 37 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,  
TORONTO.

### WATCHES

High Grade  
Non-Magnetic  
Swiss & American

Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

For Saturday  
There is  
to interest  
glomerate  
affluence  
bing should  
ion as thou  
ence of the  
the right m  
place, trul  
plates her  
of her tren  
funny city  
oddities  
oughfare  
scenes and  
ters; a sor  
stiffing, cr  
alleys are  
cover in  
their wret  
daily incre  
of the whe  
round the  
houses wh  
money eno  
every mis  
limits. W  
this one be  
are the self  
men and fr  
the same bu  
repeated wh  
you care to  
scope of lin  
and tinsel.  
tion is repr  
But the l  
tenements  
years. It i  
rust and mi  
scraps, wit  
pleasing bu  
Follow th  
from the gr  
find what  
division of  
wonder vag  
beings live  
compensati  
existence.  
and there i  
crowded ten  
sicken of th  
till suddenly  
see a bright  
loveliness  
eyes that r  
spider can  
know how  
broom or m  
the freshest  
open and st  
madam her  
and French  
works away  
spotless, pr  
snowy curta  
Queerly co  
during such  
skins and r  
younger one  
everywhere  
skins pitted  
the dreadful  
facilities for  
crowded life.  
Pette Fr  
dancing eye  
as needles;



## Montreal Mutterings.

For Saturday Night.

There is a deal to see in this quaint old city to interest a westerner. It is a queer conglomeration indeed—business and idleness, affluence and poverty, joy and sorrow, all rubbing shoulders in the most unconcerned fashion as though each was ignorant of the existence of the other and cared neither to turn to the right nor to the left. Montreal is a busy place, truly; a noble city when one contemplates her massive piles of masonry and thinks of her tremendous commercial importance; a funny city when one studies her countless oddities and follows her maze of lecherous thoroughfares and notes what variety of comical scenes and sounds prevail in the lower quarters; a sorrowful city too, one may find if the stifling, crowded, poverty-stricken lanes and alleys are traversed, where vice and misery cower in their soiled rags, struggling over their wretched span and seeing their ranks daily increasing within ear-shot of the rumble of the wheels of the millionaire's carriage, and round the corner from imposing business houses whose operations represent annually money enough to dry every tear and make glad every miserable face within her far-spreading limits. With the great streets of a city like this one becomes familiar in a few days. There are the self-same handsome carriages, and busy men and fashionables, hurrying or loitering; the same hum and roar from day to day, to be repeated with but trifling variation every time you care to study it. It is a very small kaleidoscope of limited changes—a few scraps of gold and tinsel, a few turns, and the first combination is reproduced.

But the by-paths, the lanes and alleys, the tenements and dens of poverty are a study for years. It is a great kaleidoscope, its particles rust and mould, mildew and stain, earth and scraps, with countless changes, few of them pleasing but still possessing a certain interest.

Follow the crowding lesser veins that diverge from the great arteries of traffic and you will find what will set you pondering upon the division of the goods of this life, until you wonder vaguely why a vast number of human beings live at all, and where they find sufficient compensation for undergoing the ordeal of existence. But there are bright spots too here and there in the maze of misery. You pass crowded tenement after tenement and fairly sicken of their squalor and wretchedness, until suddenly, at an open window or door, you see a bright, comely French face, a vision of loveliness and cleanliness, with keen black eyes that no speck of dust nor web of spider can escape. Madam's plump arms know how to put the "rub-it-off" on a broom or mop; madam's shapely nose loves the freshest air available, so her door is wide open and steps and walk carefully tended, and madam herself is plump enough to be jolly and French enough to be dainty, therefore she works away merrily and keeps her little home spotless, proud of her shiny knick-knacks and snowy curtains.

Queerly contrasted are the faces you will see during such a ramble. Black eyes, dusky skins and raven hair prevail, yet while the younger ones are in many cases beautiful, everywhere you will see features distorted and skins pitted with the irradicable traces of the dreadful scourge that found such grand facilities for its deadly work in this jumble of crowded life.

Petite France peers at you with saucy dancing eyes black as coals and sharp as needles; she is lovely now at six with her rich complexion and tangled curls, but she will grow stout ere thirty, sallow at thirty-five, and end by looking like Grand-mère, with a skin like wrapping paper and wrinkles that would make a concertina feel smooth. It is the way with all flesh, French flesh especially.

But enough of the slums. As Toronto prides herself upon her Q. O. R., so does Montreal upon her Vica and Scots. It used to be the Picts and Scots if I remember what I had to be licked to learn, but spell it with a "w," Samiel, when you're in Montreal. I strolled down to the Champ de Mars on Sunday to see the Scots turn out, and right well do they deserve praise. It's an "kneesy" thing to find fault with the Scottish uniform for those who don't like it, but I harbor no such prejudices and make bold to say that the regiment in question both looked, marched, and maneuvered in a fashion worthy of veterans. The costume may be a trifle drafty and savoring of a petticoat government, but they are the stuff that stands, if need be, till they're kilt entirely, and the records tell whether the kilt ran away or stayed on the field in the hottest scrimmages. From the drum major—a veteran of the famous Black Watch—down, they are a fine looking soldiery set.

Sunday is a holiday in this strange city, but not exactly after the style prevalent in Ontario. You don't have to work one day in the week, ergo, that must be intended for Sunday, but one is apt to forget it. Street cars and cabs ply as usual; a band attracts your attention to some fun going on at one point, and at another a lot of fellows are playing ball. On one of the gun club's grounds, some of the members are shooting a few friendly sweeps; many stores are open, etc., and taken all round you are apt to be impressed with the idea that reverence hereabouts is seriously hampered by

limits. Crowds seek the mountain, and I don't blame 'em, for it is a wonderfully attractive spot. You enter a little car and are hauled up the steep trestle-work, higher and higher until you feel that you are getting pretty close to the Blue Beyond, and that if the tackle should happen to give out, there will probably be a shower of flesh somewhere in the State of Maine shortly after. From the mountain there is a matchless view. On a clear day one can make out the Green Mountains of New Hampshire and perhaps catch a glimpse of the peaks of the Adirondacks, while the panorama closer at hand is very lovely. Behind the mountain is the "city of the dead," with many handsome tombs and shrines, and you see numbers of people strolling about out of curiosity like myself, or adorning the graves of their loved ones passed away. There is no levity here, one can hardly realize that these are the same people as were seen larking about the city a Sunday ago, as though they never knew what the day was for, and whatever may be said for and against their religion, one thing is certain, they never forget it, and well would it be for other creeds could they boast an equal influence and such devoted followers.

Three old ladies quaint-looking and more quaintly garbed, and a tow-headed boy, pass quietly along as though they walked on holy ground and knew the dwellers in the silent berths but slept for a time, and might be disturbed by a careless tread. They go from shrine to shrine, praying softly as they walk and kneeling for a time at each, the women earnestly and the tow-headed boy mechanically, a fitting illustration of the two extremes—age preparing for the end of life, and youth anxious only for the end of the prayers. A little chipmunk steals from behind the shrine and "chicks" softly and flirts its feathery tail and displays its velvet stripes, and sits erect upon its haunches, combing its whiskers and washing its face, and the tow-headed boy's soul goes out to it with an earnestness which, if concentrated upon his prayer, would probably work his everlasting good, but the women pray on and a slight movement of one brings the chipmunk diving into his hole with a frightened cry.

All over the cemetery are wooden slabs with photographs of those whose memories they keep alive let into recesses and neatly covered with glass to protect them from the weather, and the neat appearance of the graves and the countless floral and other decorations prove that the sleepers are not forgotten. Here a dark-robed woman is weeping and praying together over a tiny mound—and one guesses the story—there three small children kneel between two large new-made graves, no doubt they are orphans. Contemplating these sights sobers one, the spirit of the place touches you and you too walk slowly and carefully though none of yours wait within its bounds, and your creed is not the same as prompts those prayers. But you realize the thorough earnestness of all these people, and not agreeing with them in thought, yet you admire their devotion and are impressed with their wonderful belief. How strong that belief is and how perfectly hearts are governed by it is proved on every side. Presently you come to a huge mass of stone with a white tablet let into it. The stone is marked as though chipped with a thousand blows, the tablet is defaced and the letters unreadable as though strong hands had struck it o'er and o'er with hammers.

Something like that was done. The man beneath that great stone owned the burial plot, he died after incurring the enmity of the church; the law decided he should be buried in the plot he owned, but the church said no. It took a military force to see that the law was carried out and the marks on the stone tell an eloquent tale of the sternness of the opposition and the hold that church has upon her flock. Still, it but proves the overmastering earnestness of the people and while it is certainly an extreme case, maybe a goodly measure of that same earnestness would work a power of good in other creeds. Down on a quiet little street from a closed door hangs the sign of death—a great sable steamer with the mark of the faith upon it. Along the sidewalk comes a rough laborer, a hard-looking, evil featured man, grimy from his work in the ditches and suggestive of crime or the blackest depths of sin rather than religion. He is in a hurry, yet, as his eye catches the crape his step is slowed and he moves softly; closer yet, and he sees the little emblem of his faith, his rough hat is removed and his head bowed as he passes reverently by. There is something touchingly beautiful in the homage of this ignorant lawless looking man, but this is Montreal—Catholic Montreal.

ED. W. SANDYS.

## He Never Forgot.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Bixby, as she went into the theater with Mr. Bixby, "I've forgotten my handkerchief; but it doesn't matter much for—"

"You women are always forgetting something," said Bixby sharply. "It's a blessed thing we men have memories longer than our little fingers, and when we do forget a thing we don't go into fits over it. I really don't believe you ever went to any place in your life without forgetting your gloves or your fan or your parasol or some fool-de-rol, and I don't believe I ever forgot a thing in my life and I—let me see, where are our tickets? Oh, here they are! No, they're not. I'm sure I put them in this pocket and—where in thunder can they be? Now, I had those tickets not two minutes before we started and—I guess they're in my pocket-book and—no they're not! Well, if this don't beat the devil and Tom Walker! A nice fix we'll be in if I can't find those confounded tickets! I haven't got them, that's certain!"

"I saw them on the mantel in your room just before we started," said Mrs. Bixby. "You did!" roared Bixby. "Well, that's just where they are now. I'll bet a cent! Why in creation didn't you tell me they were there? I remember I laid them there while I—but we

might as well take a car and put back home! We can't get in without tickets. It makes me so confounded, raving, furiously mad! Let's get out of here before I kill somebody!"—Time.

## A Little Uncertain About The Number.

It was a Dakotian who was called upon by the census-taker some years ago and asked, "How many children have you, Mr.—?"

"Hm—let's see. Bout ten, I reckon, stranger."

"Their names, please!"

"Wall, I'll hev to ask the old lady 'bout that," and he went into the house and soon returned with a list of names.

The census-taker went over the list and only found nine names. "I only count nine," he said.

"Wall, by gum! Hay there, Nancy."

Nancy appeared at the door.

"There air only nine names on that list."

"Well, I reckon we had ten of 'em, Ike," the woman responded. "We've been married goin' on eleven year now."

"Wall, by gol, that's strange." This from the man.

The census-taker changed the figures from ten to nine, and started down the road, leaving the couple in a brown study. After he had got about a quarter of a mile from the house he heard a shout, and turning around he waited until the old man came up, breathless and excited.

"It's all right, stranger, it's all right," he panted; "the old woman was c'rect; she's counted the new baby shirts—she allus makes a new one and keeps it. One o' the young'uns died last Fall!"

## She Had Counted.

"Mamma, dear, do you know you've got twenty-nine plus in the back of your dress?"

"Good gracious, child, how do you know?"

"Why, I've just pulled them out."

## Astounding Result.

Snawbah—There's a girl I came near marryin'.

Knawbah—Why didn't you? She is an heiress.

Snawbah—I know it; but when I proposed it frightened her into a decline.

## A Great Traveler.

Mr. Plaintiff—Have you traveled much, Miss Elderly?

Miss Elderly—Indeed I have. Every summer since my sixteen year dear papa has taken me off for a trip abroad.

Is that so? Well, I don't suppose that there is any country that you have not visited.

At Thomas' European restaurant and English chop-house, Keachie & Co. have inaugurated a table d'hôte dinner, from 12 to 3 o'clock. As everyone knows, the bill of fare offered at the Chop-house is not excelled in this city, and the price of the dinner is only 40c, or six tickets for \$2. As this is the only table d'hôte dinner given at any of the first-class restaurants, and the price has been placed so low there is no doubt of its success.

## BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Rackets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

## DR. CUNNINGHAM DENTIST

Cor. Yonge and Edward Streets

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE

For Manufacturing New Designs in Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches

77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

A. E. FAWCETT

Successor to C. Sheppard

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST

Physicians' prescriptions and family recipes accurately compounded.

67 King Street West

Telephone No. 73

DYEING AND CLEANING

Gent's Suits, Ladies' Dresses

Dyed or cleaned, and all kinds of goods done on the shortest notice. Telephone 1258. Goods sent for and delivered.

Best house in the city.

STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE

THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.

GRAVEL ROOFING

For all kinds of Flat Roofs.

ASPHALT PAVING

For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.

Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.

10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

BEEF AND COCA WINE

FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION

Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequalled in cases of sudden exhaustion.

Adult Dose.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.

BINGHAM'S PHARMACY

100 Yonge St., Toronto.

For Sale by all Leading Druggists.

Fred. Armstrong

Plumber & Gasfitter

235 Queen St. West.

A Large Stock of Gas Fixtures.

W. A. MURRAY & CO.

Are now showing in every department a magnificent stock of Spring

Novelties, specially in High Class Silks, French Dress Goods, Washing

Dress Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries, Parasols, Hosiery, Underwear,

Gloves, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ornaments, Table Linens, Sheet-

## W. A. MURRAY &amp; CO.

Are now showing in every department a magnificent stock of Spring Novelties, specially in High Class Silks, French Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries, Parasols, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ornaments, Table Linens, Sheetings, Curtains Furniture Coverings and Upholstery Goods or every description. Only first-class goods, and at popular prices at

## W. A. MURRAY &amp; CO'S

17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO



## JAMES HARRIS &amp; CO.

99 Yonge Street, Toronto

TALLY HO! THERE THEY GO!

Telephone No. 1277

Ladies' Hunting Caps and Silk Riding Hats, which for Style, Beauty and Durability are unequalled.

## GENTLEMEN'S HUNTING CAPS

Our stock of Stiff and Soft Felt Hats, in all the fashionable colors, is unsurpassed. Sole agents for the celebrated Miller Silk and Felt Hats

## LADIES WILL NOTE

We Repair, Alter and Store Fur Garments during the Summer Months at Moderate Prices.

## JAMES HARRIS &amp; CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE FURS

99 Yonge Street - - - TORONTO



HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW STYLES OF FRONTPIECES AT DORENWEID'S?

If not, you should make it a point to do so before you buy your Season's Goods. You will find that Dorenwed's Styles are the most becoming and most durable. For hair goods of any kind this is the place to go to. Ladies' Waves, Frontpieces, Bangs, Wigs. The new Fifty Switches, etc., etc.

A. DORENWEID, Paris Hair Works and Beautifying Bazaar, 105 and 107 Yonge Street.

## LATEST FASHIONABLE STYLES

For Ladies' Hair Goods

Armand's Pompadour Frontpiece the Success of this Season

This frontpiece rises up in the center with a few curls on the temples, the rest falls back in natural wavy hair, and is made on a miniature foundation. It is very light, most elegant and charming looking.

Price \$4.00. Sent by post \$5.00. The little Russian Bang so popular in the States, is also a very becoming style. Price \$2.50 and \$3.50.

Ladies, if you wish something nice and stylish in Bangs, get one of the above mentioned Frontpieces.

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE

401 Yonge Street 401

Close to Y. M. C. A. Building, Toronto.

## Wines and Liquors

RELIABLE GOODS ONLY

For Medicinal Purpose. For Family Use

PORTS, SHERRIES, NATIVES

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

Baron & Gieseler's Claret, St. Julien, Madoc and Florac.

IRISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN WHISKYS

BRANDY, RUM, GIN

SHAVAR, The Direct Importer

Telephone 1850 No. 4 Louisa St., cor. Yonge

## CAMPING SEASON

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

For Sale by Grocers Everywhere

Wholesale Depot: 30 St. Sacramento St., Montreal

Cook book free on application, naming this paper.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE

AND WESTERN INSTITUTE

SPECIAL MASTER IN EACH DEPARTMENT

Gold and Silver for

Business Training Resolutions, Individual Honors

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

Special rates to Teachers and Students of Public and High Schools. Our College is open the entire year. For circulars and full information address J. M. Crowley, General Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets. Important—Notice address.

## TRY OUR NEW PATENT

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI

YATISI



## THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vivien," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER XXXII.—CONTINUED.

"It was; but it was my thought all the same; for three days and three nights it was never absent from my mind. God knows how I got through the common business of the day—how the few people with whom I came in contact did not see murder in my face! I watched and waited for my opportunity; and when the moment came I did not waver. There are old people at Chertown who could tell you that Evelyn Strangway at fifteen years old was as good a shot as either of her brothers. My hand had not forgotten its cunning; and your daughter was a widow three weeks after she was made a wife. By so much as she was happier than I by so much was her joy briefer than mine."

She sank into a corner of the large armchair and covered her face with her hands, muttering to herself. He heard the words—"I made myself her Evil Destiny; I was her fate—Nemeses, Nemeses! The sins of the fathers! It is the Scripture."

He could not stay in the room with her after that confession. She had been perfectly coherent in telling the story of her crime; and it seemed to him that even now she gloated over the evil she had wrought—that her crime had been her power to undo her work by the lifting of her hand she would hardly have used that power. She seemed a malignant spirit, rejoicing in evil.

He went out into the passage and told the policeman's wife to look after her, and then he went to the desolate drawing-room and walked up and down the bare boards, waiting for the arrival of one or both of the doctors.

What would they think of her mental condition. She had been curiously coherent just now. The temporary delusion had passed away like a cloud. She had spoken as a person fully conscious of her acts, and accountable for them. Judged by her speech just now she was a criminal who deserved the sternest measure of the law.

But he who knew of those long years of brooding, he who knew the story of her wrongs, and how those wrongs must have acted upon that proud and stubborn spirit, to him there seemed little doubt that her mind and long lost balance, and that her crime had been the culminating crisis of a long period of melancholia. He waited the verdict of the doctors with acute anxiety, for only in an asylum did he see safety for this unhappy sinner. The finding of the pistol would inevitably be talked about at Chertown, and it was possible that at any moment suspicion might take the right direction. To get her away, to get her hidden from the world was his most ardent desire; but this was inconsistent with his desire to spare her. The thought that he had ruined her life—that his wrong-doing had led to the roof of all her miseries—was never absent from his mind.

Dr. Davidson was the first to arrive. He was a man of supreme refinement, gentle, compassionate, an artist by talent and temperament, intellectual to the tips of his fingers. He had made insanity and the care of the insane the work of his life, as his father and grandfather had done before him, and he enjoyed the privilege of having been born in an age of enlightenment, when they had not even foreseen in their happiest anticipations. He had met Lord Chertown often in London society, and had visited him in the country, and they were as close friends as two busy men of the world can be.

He was mystified by so sudden a summons and to such a locality; but he had too much tact to betray any surprise. He listened quietly to Lord Chertown's brief explanation that his patient wanted to be sent to an asylum, and that his state of mind had given cause for uneasiness.

"I will say very little about her till you have seen her," said Chertown. "If it should appear to you and to my friend Wilton, whom I have asked to meet you—if you should decide that she ought to be placed under restraint, I should wish her to be removed immediately to your house at Cheshunt. I know that she will be made as happy there as her state of mind will admit, and I shall rely upon your kind consideration for making this a special case."

"You may be assured I shall do my utmost for anyone in whom you are interested, my dear Chertown, but indeed I think you must know that I am my utmost in every case. It is only in some small details that I can ever show special attention. Is this poor lady very violent?"

"No, she is very quiet."

"And no suicidal mania, I hope?"

"I have seen no evidence of it; but she left her home in a rather strange and motiveless manner this morning, and that, coupled with other indications in the past, gave me the alarm."

"Has she any delusions?"

"Yes, it was under a delusion that she came to this empty house. She lived here many years ago, and on talking to her just now I found her unconscious of the lapse of time, and fancying that all things were still as they were when she was a young woman."

"Has she any illness lately?"

"None that I know of."

"I fear there can be little doubt as to her malady. Will you take me to her? She will be less alarmed if you are with me. Oh, by the way, the nurse you asked for will be here almost immediately."

"I am glad of that. There is only a wretched slattern in the house, whom I don't like to see in attendance upon my poor friend."

Lord Chertown and the doctor went into the room where Mrs. Porter was sitting facing the window, staring moodily at the trailing tendrils of Virginia creeper and passion-flower hanging from the roof of the veranda and shutting out the light. There was something unspeakably desolate in that glimpse of neglected garden seen athwart that neglected veranda, with the smoky London sky as a background.

She looked round quickly at the sound of footsteps, and started up from her chair.

"Who is the man?" she asked, turning to Lord Chertown. "Are you going to send me to prison? You have lost no time."

"This gentleman is my old friend, and he is interested in helping you if he can."

"You had better leave us together," said Dr. Davidson, gently.

Lord Chertown left the room silently, and paced the narrow entrance hall, listening with intense anxiety to the low murmuring sound of voices on the other side of the door.

There were no loud tones from either speaker. There could be neither anger nor profound agitation upon Mrs. Porter's side, the listener thought, as he awaited the result of that interview. A knock at the hall-door startled him from his expectancy, and he hastened to admit the new arrival.

It was his other medical friend, Dr. Wilton, stout and jovial, more adapted to assist at a wedding than a funeral, more fitted to prescribe for winebibbing aldermen or dowagers who needed to be "kept up" on Roderer or Mumm, than to stand beside the bed of agony or listening to the ravings of a mind distraught. Dr. Davidson came out of the dining-room at the sound of the voices in the hall.

"Ah, how do you do, Wilton? You will have very little trouble in making up your mind about this poor soul. Go in and talk to her while I take a turn in the garden with his Lordship."

He opened the dining-room door, and Dr. Wilton passed in, smiling, agreeable, and beginning at once in an oily voice, "my dear

lady, my friend Davidson suggested that I should have a little chat with you while—while Lord Chertown and he are admiring the garden. A very nice garden, upon my word, for the immediate vicinity of London. One hardly expects as nice a bit of ground, nowadays. May I feel your pulse? Thanks, a little too fast for perfect health."

"What do you and that other man mean by all this pretence?" she exclaimed indignantly. "I am not ill. Are you a doctor or a policeman in disguise? If you want to take me to prison I am ready to go with you. I came to London on purpose to give myself up. You need not beat about the bush, I am ready."

"Mad, very mad," thought Dr. Wilton, detaining the unwilling wrist, and noting its tumultuous pulsations by the second hand of his professional watch.

Lord Chertown and Dr. Davidson were pacing slowly up and down the moss-grown gravel while this was happening.

"How did you find her?"

"Curiously calm and collected for the first part of the interview. Had it not been for her troubled eyes, and the nervous movements of her hands, I should have supposed her as sane as you or I. I talked to her of indifferent subjects, and her answers were consecutive and reasonable, although it was evident she resented my presence. It was only when I asked her why she had come to London without giving her friends notice that she became agitated and incoherent, and began to talk about having committed a murder, and wishing to give herself up and make a full confession of her guilt."

Instead of waiting for the law to find her out, she was going to find the law. She had no fear of the result. She had long been tired of her life, and she was not afraid of the disgrace of a felon's death. Her whole manner, as she said this, showed a deep, morbid, desperate, and I am of opinion that the mind has been unhinged for a long time. That notion of an imaginary crime is often a fixed idea in lunacy. A madman will conceive a murder that never took place, or he will connect himself with some actual murder, and insist upon his guilt with an extraordinary appearance of truth and reality, until he is shaken by severe cross-examination."

"You will receive her in your house at once?"

"I have no objection if Wilton's opinion coincides with mine. I have no doubt as to her being in a condition to require restraint. She is not violent at present, but if she is not taken care of she will go wandering about in search of a police magistrate to whom to make her statement, and with increasing excitement she will be every likelihood of acute mania. Ah, here comes Wilton. Well, what do you think of the case, Wilton?"

"Mad, undeniably mad," said Dr. Wilton. "I took me for a policeman in disguise, and raved about a murder for which she wanted to give herself up to justice."

"A fixed delusion, you see," said Davidson, with a gentle sigh. "You know how long she has had this idea, Chertown?"

"Indeed, I do not. Her position on my estate was a peculiar one. She lived at one of the lodges, but her status was not that of an ordinary dependent. She was her own mistress, and had a very solitary life, apart from her father and her daughter, who were here presently. I hope, my first notice of anything amiss was a hint dropped by a young medical man who was visiting at Chertown. He saw Mrs. Porter, and formed the opinion that she either had been or was about to be, a very serious case."

"You are very good. No, I am not fit for society—not even yours. I am deeply indebted to you—I feel that you are indeed my friend—and that you will do all that can be done to make that broken life endurable."

"You may be sure of that. I would do as much were Mrs. Porter a nameless wail whom I had found by the roadside; but as your friend she will have an unceasing interest for me. Shall I tell you what I have done to make that broken life endurable?"

"No, I must go back to Dorsetshire to-morrow. I doubt if I shall ever see her again. Accepted as I am, the strongest proof of my confidence in you. Had any doubt as to my treatment I would see her from time to time, at whatever cost of pain to myself."

"There is nothing but pain, then, in your present feeling about that poor lady?"

"And yet—forgive me if I touch an old wound—I think you must have loved her once."

The shadows were deepening, the lamps shone with faint yellow light upon the grey carpet and the interior of the carriage was very dark. Perhaps it was the darkness which emboldened Dr. Davidson to push his inquiry to this point.

"You are right," his friend answered, slowly. "I loved her once."

The brougham stopped at his lordship's door in Victoria street, and then drove northwards with the physician. There was time for much serious reflection between Westminster and Welbeck street.

"My patient must be carefully looked after," mused the doctor, "for I'm afraid there is more meaning in her self-accusation than there generally is in such cases, and that Sir Godfrey Carmichael's murderer is now in my keeping."

The long August day passed very quietly at Millbrook Priory. Lady Chertown arrived in the afternoon, and the three generations spent the summer hours on the lawn, mother and daughter sitting at work under the tulip trees, grandson and nurse in that state of perpetual roused by the entrance of the nurse from Cheshunt, a tall, comely-looking woman of about thirty, neatly dressed, and with some pretension to refinement of manner.

Mrs. Porter sat there in her dull lethargy, the food that had been prepared for her untasted at her side. The nurse looked at the patient with a keen professional eye, and to the patient to the tray where an ill-cooked chop stagnated in a pool of grease; and where the unadorned tea-cup showed that even the feminine refreshment of tea had failed to tempt her.

"She hasn't eaten anything," said the nurse, "and she looks weak and wasted, as if she had been for a long time without food. You'd better send for some Brand's essence and a little brandy; she ought to be kept up somehow, if she is to be taken to Cheshunt to-night. It will be a long drive."

Lord Chertown despatched the policeman's wife to the nearest chemist's and the nearest wine merchant's, while he went himself to a livery stable and ordered a brougham and pair to be at Myrtle Cottage at seven o'clock. The certificate had been signed, and there was nothing to hinder the removal of the patient. He found Mercy with her mother upon his return, but the mother had given no sign of recognition, and the daughter sorrowfully acknowledged the sad necessity of the case when Dr. Davidson gently explained her mother's condition to her.

"I am not surprised," said she, with sad submission, "I saw it coming years ago. I have lain awake many a night when I was a girl listening to her footsteps as she walked up and down her bedroom, and to the heart-broken sigh that she gave every now and then, in the

dead of the night, when she thought there was no one to hear her."

An hour later the woman who for twenty years had been known as Mrs. Porter, and who was to carry that name to her dying day, was on her way to The Grange, Cheshunt, with her daughter Mercy, and the nurse in the carriage with her. She had made no resistance—had she, when a great fear that has haunted her pathetic indifference had given no trouble. But although her daughter had been with her for an hour, doing all that tender attention could do to awaken her memory, there had been not a word or a look to betoken consciousness of her existence.

Yet it was clear that the mental powers were only clouded, not extinguished; for, as Lord Chertown stood a little way outside the porch watching her as she passed out to the carriage, she stood bendlessly and looked at him.

"Will you and I ever meet again, James Dalbrook?" she asked solemnly.

He paused at the address in those clear, incisive tones, dreading what she might say next.

"I think it may be better we shall not meet," he said gloomily. "I have placed you in the care of those who will do the best that can be done for you."

"You are sending me to a madhouse, in the care of a mad doctor. That is your substitute for Chertown Chase; the home I used to dream about, ages ago, in this house; the home you and I were to have shared, as man and wife. It was my birthplace, James, and I would look upon my grave before I ever looked upon your face!"

The nurse hustled her charge into the carriage, muttering something about "delusions"; but Dr. Davidson was too shrewd a student of human nature to perceive any meaning in these delirious utterances. He had no doubt that Mrs. Porter was deranged, and a person who would be the better for the moderate restraint of a well-ordered asylum, but he had also no doubt that she had her lucid intervals, and that in the intervals of her lucid intervals, she would look upon her grave before I ever looked upon your face!"

That revelation accounted for some points in the law lord's conduct which had hitherto been incomprehensible to his friend the doctor.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Mine after-life! what is mine after-life? My day is close! the gloom of mine life is come! A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate!"

It seemed to Lord Chertown as he drove to Victoria street in Dr. Davidson's brougham, that the day which had just come to an end had been the longest day of his life. He looked back at the sunny morning hour in which he had lingered over the business of the toilet, brooding upon that discovery of the pistol, his spirits weighed down by a vague foreboding, and a very solitary life, apart from her father and her daughter, who were here presently. I hope, my first notice of anything amiss was a hint dropped by a young medical man who was visiting at Chertown. He saw Mrs. Porter, and formed the opinion that she either had been or was about to be, a very serious case."

He recalled the moment at which his valet brought him Theodore's brief summons to the West Lodge—a moment that had given new reality to all he dreaded—a summons which shall you stay long enough to know to be had beside his pillow all through the night was going to take a tangible shape. Oh, God, how long it seemed since that pencilled line was put in his hand—since he stood in the bright sunlight of the morning, and before he recovered himself so far as to turn to his servant with his habitual grave authority, and give some trivial order about his overcoat.

Since then what slow agonies of apprehension—what self-abandonment before the daughter whom he met for the first time as his daughter, face to face! What terror lest the woman whom his perjury had driven to madness and crime should be called upon to answer to the truth, and how he had lived through half a life of shame and agony between the vivid light of the August morning and the cool grey shadows of the August night. He leant back in the corner of the cosy little brougham, pale and dumb, a worn-out man, and his friend and physician respected his silence.

"Will you come home and dine with me, Chertown?" said Dr. Davidson, as they crossed the bridge and entered the park, and he turned to the solitude of your own rooms."

"You are very good. No, I am not fit for society—not even yours. I am deeply indebted to you—I feel that you are indeed my friend—and that you will do all that can be done to make that broken life endurable."

"You may be sure of that. I would do as much were Mrs. Porter a nameless wail whom I had found by the roadside; but as your friend she will have an unceasing interest for me. Shall I tell you what I have done to make that broken life endurable?"

"No, I must go back to Dorsetshire to-morrow. I doubt if I shall ever see her again. Accepted as I am, the strongest proof of my confidence in you. Had any doubt as to my treatment I would see her from time to time, at whatever cost of pain to myself."

"There is nothing but pain, then, in your present feeling about that poor lady?"

"And yet—forgive me if I touch an old wound—I think you must have loved her once."

The shadows were deepening, the lamps shone with faint yellow light upon the grey carpet and the interior of the carriage was very dark. Perhaps it was the darkness which emboldened Dr. Davidson to push his inquiry to this point.

"You are right," his friend answered, slowly. "I loved her once."

The brougham stopped at his lordship's door in Victoria street, and then drove northwards with the physician. There was time for much serious reflection between Westminster and Welbeck street.

"My patient must be carefully looked after," mused the doctor, "for I'm afraid there is more meaning in her self-accusation than there generally is in such cases, and that Sir Godfrey Carmichael's murderer is now in my keeping."

The long August day passed very quietly at Millbrook Priory. Lady Chertown arrived in the afternoon, and the three generations spent the summer hours on the lawn, mother and daughter sitting at work under the tulip trees, grandson and nurse in that state of perpetual roused by the entrance of the nurse from Cheshunt, a tall, comely-looking woman of about thirty, neatly dressed, and with some pretension to refinement of manner.

Mrs. Porter sat there in her dull lethargy, the food that had been prepared for her untasted at her side. The nurse looked at the patient with a keen professional eye, and to the patient to the tray where an ill-cooked chop stagnated in a pool of grease; and where the unadorned tea-cup showed that even the feminine refreshment of tea had failed to tempt her.

"She hasn't eaten anything," said the nurse, "and she looks weak and wasted, as if she had been for a long time without food. You'd better send for some Brand's essence and a little brandy; she ought to be kept up somehow, if she is to be taken to Cheshunt to-night. It will be a long drive."

Lord Chertown despatched the policeman's wife to the nearest chemist's and the nearest wine merchant's, while he went himself to a livery stable and ordered a brougham and pair to be at Myrtle Cottage at seven o'clock. The certificate had been signed, and there was nothing to hinder the removal of the patient. He found Mercy with her mother upon his return, but the mother had given no sign of recognition, and the daughter sorrowfully acknowledged the sad necessity of the case when Dr. Davidson gently explained her mother's condition to her.

"I am not surprised," said she, with sad submission, "I saw it coming years ago. I have lain awake many a night when I was a girl listening to her footsteps as she walked up and down her bedroom, and to the heart-broken sigh that she gave every now and then, in the

dead of the night, when she thought there was no one to hear her."

An hour later the woman who for twenty years had been known as Mrs. Porter, and who was to carry that name to her dying day, was on her way to The Grange, Cheshunt, with her daughter Mercy, and the nurse in the carriage with her. She had made no resistance—had she, when a great fear that has haunted her pathetic indifference had given no trouble. But although her daughter had been with her for an hour, doing all that tender attention could do to awaken her memory, there had been not a word or a look to betoken consciousness of her existence.

Yet it was clear that the mental powers were only clouded, not extinguished; for, as Lord Chertown stood a little way outside the porch watching her as she passed out to the carriage, she stood bendlessly and looked at him.

"Will you and I ever meet again, James Dalbrook?" she asked solemnly.

He paused at the address in those clear, incisive tones, dreading what she might say next.

"I think it may be better we shall not meet," he said gloomily. "I have placed you in the care of those who will do the best that can be done for you."

"You are sending me to a madhouse, in the care of a mad doctor. That is your substitute for Chertown Chase; the home I used to dream about, ages ago, in this house; the home you and I were to have shared, as man and wife. It was my birthplace, James, and I would look upon my grave before I ever looked upon your face!"

That revelation accounted for some points in the law lord's conduct which had hitherto been incomprehensible to his friend the doctor.

He would say no more, in spite of her feverish eagerness, her impatient questionings.

"I have changed my mind, Juanita," he said presently. "I will not bore you with my company till I am free to answer your questions. The motive for my presence in this house is at an end."

"Is it? What has become of the suspicious characters my father talked about?"

"The danger has not come this way—as he feared it might."

"Stay," she said. "Whether there is danger or not you are going to stay. I will not be played fast and loose with by any visitor. Mother likes to have you here, and baby likes you."

"Not so well as he likes Cuthbert Ramsay," retorted Theodore, with almost involuntary bitterness.

This time Juanita's blush was an obvious fact. She walked away from her cousin indignantly.

"You may go or stay, as you please," she said; and he stayed to be a footstool under her feet if she liked—stayed with a heart gnawed by jealousy, consumed by despair.

"It is useless—hopeless beyond! the common sense of me—my father's sense of me—she never cared for me in the past, and she will never care for me in the future. I am doomed to stand for ever upon the same dull plane of affectionate indifference. If I were dangerously ill, she would nurse me; if I were in difficulties, she would load me with benefits; if I were dead, she would be sorry for me; but she is fonder of Ramsay, whom she has seen half a dozen times in her life, than she will ever be of me."

Lord Chertown returned to Dorsetshire on the following afternoon. He drove from Wareham to the Priory and had a long tete-a-tete with Theodore, in the garden, before dinner.

"You have acted for my daughter throughout this miserable business," he said, when he had told all that was to be told about Mrs. Porter's seclusion at Cheshunt. "She has conducted in you more completely even than in her father, and I leave my cause in your hands. You must plead to the daughter for the erring father, whose sin has exercised a fatal influence upon her life. Win her forgiveness—win her sympathy for the most unhappy woman, if you can. It is a difficult task which I entrust to you, Theodore, but I believe in your power to move that generous heart to mercy."

"You may believe in my devotion to you both," said Theodore, and Lord Chertown left the Priory without seeing his wife or his daughter, who had gone to dress for dinner just before his arrival, and who came to the drawing-room presently, expecting to find him there.

Theodore explained his hasty departure as best he might.

"Your father drove over to speak to me upon a matter of business," he said. "He was tired after his journey, and preferred going home to dine."

"He was not ill, I hope?" cried Lady Chertown, with a look of alarm.

"No, there is nothing amiss with him, except fatigue."

Juanita looked at him intently, eager to question him, but the butler's entrance to announce dinner stopped her, and she told Theodore to give his arm to her mother, and followed them both to the dining-room.

The meal was a mockery as far as two out of the three were concerned. Juanita was nervous and ill at ease, impatient of the lengthy ceremonial. Theodore hardly anything, but kept up a slipshod conversation with Lady Chertown, talked about the grandchild's abnormal intelligence, and assured her in reply to her reiterated inquiries that her husband was well, and that he was about to return home.

There was no reason for her to go back to the Chase that night, as she was disposed to do.

Juanita rose abruptly before the grapes and peaches had been taken round.

"Would you mind coming to my room at once, Theodore?" she said. "I want half-an-hour's talk with you about—business. You will excuse my leaving you, won't you, mother?"

"My child, I shall be glad to get half-an-hour in the nursery. Boyle tells me that little rascal never so lively as just before he settles down for the night."

Lady Chertown went off in one direction, Juanita and Theodore in the other.

The lamp was lighted in the study, on the table where rows of books told of the widow's sacred solitude.

Theodore glanced at the titles of these neatly-arranged volumes and saw that they were mostly upon scientific subjects.

"I did not know that you were fond of science, Juanita?" he asked, looking at her.

"Am not. I used to hate it. I am as ignorant as a baby. I don't believe I know any more about the moon than Juliet did when she accused it of inconstancy. Only when one comes to my age one ought to improve oneself. Godfrey will be asking me questions before long, and I must be able to answer him."

"She spoke rapidly, nervously, facing him in the soft clear lamp-light, with her hand upon the row of books, her eyes eager and questioning."

"You have seen my father, Theodore. Is the embargo removed?"

"It is."

"You know who murdered my husband?"

"So far as the assassin's own confession is to be believed, yes."

He has confessed—he is in prison—he will be hanged," she cried, breathlessly.

"The murderer has confessed—but is not in prison—and will not be hanged—at least I trust not, in God's mercy."

"You are full of pity for a murderer, Theodore," she cried bitterly. "Have you no pity for my husband? Is his death to go unpunished?"

"Is his life—the life that might have been as long as it was happy—is that to count for nothing?"

"It is to count for much, Juanita. Believe me, my husband is avenged. His death was a sacrifice to a broken heart and a disordered brain. The hand that killed him is the hand of one who cannot be called to account—the hand of a mad woman."

"A woman?"

"Yes, a woman. The woman you have seen many a time as you passed in and out of Chertown Chase in your father's carriage by the west gate."

"Mrs. Porter?"

"Great God! why did she kill my husband?"

"Because she was unhappy—because she had suffered until sorrow had obscured her intellect, till her life had become one long thirst to do evil—one hatred of youth and beauty, as in innocent gladness like yours. She saw you in your wedded happiness, and she thought of a happiness which was once her own day dream—the hope and dream of patient, self-denying years."

"She struck at you through your husband. She struck at your father through you."

"My father!" What was he to her—except a friend and benefactor?"

"He was once more than that to Evelyn Strangway."

"Strangway!" shrieked Juanita, clasping her hands. "Did I not tell you so from the first? It was the footstep of a Strangway that crept past our window, while we sat together in our happiness, without thought or fear of peril. It was a Strangway who killed my husband. You told me that there were all dead and gone—that the race was extinct—that the people I feared were phantoms. I told you it was a Strangway who fired that shot, and you see my instinct was truer than your reason—and there was a Strangway at our gates—disguised—under a false name—look tell you this, smooth, hypocritical smiles—boarding up the venom of her wrath."

"Unhappily your instinct hit upon the fatal truth. The hatred of the Strangways was not dead! One member of that family survived, and cherished a more than common malice against the race that had blotted out the old name."

"But my father, how had he provoked her hatred?"

"He had once loved her, Juanita—many years ago—before he had ever seen your mother's face. Evelyn Strangway and he had been lovers—pledged to each other by a solemn promise. As a man of honor he should have kept that promise—married her—married her sons that bound him. But he saw your mother and loved her, and broke with Evelyn Strangway—openly, with no unmanly deceit; but still there was the broken promise, and that involved a deep wrong. He believed that wrong forgiven. He believed the more in her pardon because it was her earnest desire to live unrecognized and unnoticed upon the estate where she was born. He could not fathom the depth of hatred in that warped nature. He did all that here



### The Impressionable Age.

This beautiful effect is produced by a powerful electric light fixed above, the light of which is of a blue and violet tint, and is half-circled.

The guests are arriving, though a few before the Royal party are expected, hurry away to the concert room, where the band is playing and have already taken up their places.

The Queen has her own private band of thirty-two members. These are engaged a yearly salary, but they are not at the liberty of giving private concerts or give lessons. Their service is at the disposal of Her Majesty, who often gives them the opportunity of Windsor and Osborne, when a few expenses are paid. Ludwig Strauss is the conductor.

They appear in a special uniform of dark coats, white waistcoats, knee-breeches and black silk stockings. The collars of the uniforms of Cologne blue, the same blue as the uniforms of the Prussian conductor has black velvet and the collar of the conductor.

His real title is the Master of the Ceremonies. It is interesting to note that among the officers of Her Majesty's household are the Master of the Ceremonies, the Household and the Master of the Horse.

Cousins has held the position since 1870. He is responsible for the selection of the pieces to be played at the concert, and he consults the artistes as to what they will play. They usually suggest two pieces.

Then he must submit his programme to the Queen, who, when necessary, makes alterations. He is not allowed to appear in pencil. Some of the pieces chosen by Her Majesty have such a historical interest, even to the point where he can finger all the notes. The Queen is also very fond of the music and must also forward to the Queen a list of the programmes when printed.

THE TORONTO NEWS  
PUBLISHERS' AGENTS

THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS' AGENTS

847 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
TELEPHONE 579.

The staircases and corridors are simply beds of flowers. These only came in this morning, many of them being hired from the "florists to Her Majesty," whilst not a few came from the royal gardens at Frogmore. They will all be taken away on the morrow. True, there are a few exotics and palms towering against the

The band on these occasions is thirty-five members; those not of the band, together with the choir of a hundred, wear white waistcoats. All, with the exception of a few amateurs in the band, are instrumentalists receiving a small amount he would if playing at St. James' Hall.

Chemically so combined as to resemble most closely the Mother's Milk. It requires only water in preparation, thus making it the most economical and convenient preparation for infants. Besides doing away with the difficulty and uncertainty of obtaining pure milk of a suitable and uniform quality.

It is recommended by the highest medical authorities. It is especially adapted as a Summer Diet for Infants.

Samples on application to  
**THE LAKEMAN & CO., Montreal.**

CHALAH—By S. Baring Gould.....  
 IGHLY LOST—By Hawley Smart.....  
 Canadian Copyright Edition.....  
 —————  
 THE TORONTO NEWS  
 PUBLISHERS' AGENTS

**J. YOUNG**  
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER  
847 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
TELEPHONE 578.

**J. YOUNG**  
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER  
847 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
TELEPHONE 579.



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

Vol. II] TORONTO, AUG. 3, 1889. [No. 36

## Cynics.

The world is becoming very cynical, especially the world of society. Among the "plain people" there are yet many who retain to a touching degree a faith in human nature, and a disposition to take those about them at their face value until they learn something to the contrary. Very young people, as a rule, are also equally confiding, and apt to believe in the wisdom and goodness of their elders. But the tendency of cultivated humanity nowadays is decidedly towards a cynical view of life. The novels and poems which we read, the personal gossip of the journals, the current talk of the street and the drawing-room—all those influences which far more than schooling or sermons contribute to form our opinions, breathe an air of cynicism. We all, with perhaps a very few exceptions, still believe in virtue and morality—in the abstract. But judging from the tone of conversation which habitually prevails in many quarters, any real faith in the sincerity or good intentions of our fellows is almost a thing of the past. Does A give a thousand dollars to a church or a benevolent society?—of course it is to advertise his business, or to win applause, or from some other sordid motive. Or if B writes to the newspapers in favor of some needed reform, it is taken for granted that he is looking for municipal or political honors, or has some scheme to work for his personal benefit. C does a kindly act—relieves a distressed family, perhaps, and goes on his way without saying anything about it. "Ah," says the cynic, "just like him, that's his cunning. Oh, he's a deep one, he is. He knew it was bound to get out, and that he'd get the credit of it." It is a censorious age, and nobody need expect, no matter how unselfish his motives, to have any other than a self-seeking purpose attributed to his action. No doubt the spread of education and the freedom of the press, which not merely unsparingly exposes men's actions, but seeks to disclose the hidden springs of motive are responsible for the cynical temper which so largely prevails. Formerly the public took everything on trust—accepted men and institutions blindly instead of weighing their merits. Now, the swing of the pendulum has gone to the other extreme and keen and vigilant criticism of everything has bred a spirit which believes in nothing and nobody. Much of the cynicism of the day is evidently affected. It is a fashion rather than a conviction—and is often belied by the conduct of its professors. Frequently men who sneer at morality and scout philanthropy and concern for the welfare of others as weakness, are personally exemplary in their lives and ready to do a kind action when opportunity offers. By a curious kind of inverted hypocrisy many profess themselves cynics and disclaim anything but self-interested motives who are, nevertheless, fairly generous and good-hearted in their social relations.

## Have an Aim in Life

Every young man and woman before going out into the world should have a well-defined aim in view—a set purpose and plan of existence by which to regulate their course. Half the shipwrecked and ruined lives, the mistakes and failures, are due to the careless, hand-to-mouth way of living of those who are content if they can get along fairly comfortably from day to day and leave the future to take care of itself. The successful men, whether in the walks of business or public affairs or scientific accomplishment, are for the most part the men of fixed purpose who for years have had an ideal before them which they have diligently striven to attain. Those whose policy it is to emulate Micawber and "wait for something to turn up" usually wait in vain. Chances for fame and fortune do turn up very unexpectedly sometimes of course, but the easy-going, shiftless people seldom seize the opportunity when it presents itself. It is the alert, quick-witted man who depends least upon such unlooked for turns in the wheel of fortune, who is usually the most prompt to realize them should they appear. A good deal of fun has been made at the alleged ambition cherished by every clever American boy to be President before he dies, but the fault is on the right side. It is far better even to be controlled by a wild ambition of this kind, so long as it does not seek gratification by dishonorable means, than to sink into apathy under the firm conviction that you can never be anybody or accomplish anything. A high and noble purpose in life, though it never approaches realization, is a great safeguard against the temptations which beset young people. The youth who means to write the great book, to lead "the party of the future," to immortalize his name by the discovery of some great scientific truth is far less likely to fall into vicious courses than the ordinary run of young men who care merely for present enjoyment. Even the object of amassing wealth though not of itself by any means a lofty one, is better than no purpose at all. It at least serves to quicken and stimulate the intellectual faculties, and to encourage self-denial and application. It is very rarely that a man without a purpose accomplishes anything for himself or others. He lacks the incentive which springs from ambition—and in the keenness of the struggle for existence is crowded to the wall by competitors originally, perhaps, no stronger or abler than himself, but nerved to more strenuous efforts by the goal kept steadily in view.



In the dog days we have no music, except that of the bands at the Island and in the parks, and consequently there is little current music to speak of. All who have heard the music of the bands will have noticed the immense improvement in their playing over their performances of last year. Our City Council, though not usually imbued with a very strong sense of the artistic, have done music a considerable service in arranging for these park concerts, besides affording a delightful recreation for the masses. The wisdom of giving some of these programmes in the afternoon is proved by the smiles of happiness and content to be seen on the weary and drawn faces of the mothers, and by the pleased and happy gambols of the little ones. In many cases the half holiday is enjoyed by the father of the family as well, who might otherwise be spending both time and money in much more questionable manner.

The benefit of the cause of music is not inconsiderable, for if the newspapers are conked, it will be seen that many of these bands find their principal occupation in playing at these free concerts. In their cases there is in these concerts a reason for continuous practice during the summer months, and more than this, there is a healthy and wholesome stimulant to emulation which will soon result in a degree of excellence in our bands that will be as pleasing to the citizens at large as it will be creditable to the bandsmen. We are perhaps a little too much given to belittling the artistic impulses of our city fathers, but I can assure my readers that when less than two years ago the great city of Boston—the hub of intellectuality and aestheticism in the western hemisphere—voted \$3,000 for a season's public band playing, the papers of that city patted each other upon the back and, like Little Jack Horner in the nursery rhyme, said: "What a good city are we!"

The ambitious city of Buffalo, which has just completed a census enumerating 255,000 souls within its limits, has one solitary band playing semi-occasionally in its one great park. This being the case, we in Toronto may reasonably be proud of the public spirit which gives us free and good music at least three evenings in the week. While many of the bands thus playing give us such good music, it is but just to particularize the fine playing of the Queen's Own Band at the Island under Mr. Bayley, although this is the result of private enterprise. Still every one who chooses to go to the sand bar and expose himself to the grinding vulgarities of the fakers there may hear the band with the same freedom he would exercise in paying a street car fare to hear a band in a distant park, so that practically its concerts are free and public.

All this is still further evidence of the fact that Toronto is becoming the musical center of the Dominion. In addition to this, I find on enquiry that a number of professional people from outside points are spending the summer in the city, and gathering knowledge in their departments of labor. The Conservatory and College as well as the private teachers who remain in town report very satisfactory attendance at the summer term, and the students speak in warm terms of the benefits they are experiencing. This sort of thing will grow, and it will not be long before the best work done in Toronto to advance the cause of music in the Province, will be done in the summer season, because those who study then are ripe and anxious to learn, and come here charged with an enthusiasm which will inspire even the tired teachers.

The season next year will be a brilliant one. It is dawning on our managers that music and comic opera are the loadstones that will draw the masses into the theaters and music halls. In New York to-day there are five comic operas running, while only two theaters are devoted to dramatic subjects. So it will be here. Our own societies are girding their loins for the fray, and I am betraying no secrets when I say that their own work will during the coming winter surpass all their previous efforts. We want one or two additions to the roster. We want an energetic and capable amateur operatic society. For this we have already the machinery and the talent in the Harmony Club, from which we may expect good things this season, since its really creditable and encouraging effort last winter in the Pirates of Penzance. All it wants is for its committee to push in good earnest, and combine the three essentials: a good opera, a live conductor, and an irrepressible stage manager. Some of these factors are on hand; the others must be secured. Another want is men's choruses. There is so much beautiful music written for such voices that is practically a sealed book to us Torontonians, and that only needs a body of performers to make it the most enjoyable and popular branch of musical endeavor that can be placed before the public. A little energy in this direction would produce the most charming, as well as the most successful results.

The new Academy of Music is roofed in, and will be opened, according to present calculations, by the first of October. Many suggestions that have been made since the building was started have been adopted in the hope of making the place unquestionably attractive, and this has somewhat retarded the work. Mr. Thompson has finally decided on a seating capacity of 1500 opera chairs, 19 and 20 inches wide, ensuring comfortable seats, and making each seat "the best in the house." Numerous musical combinations have been engaged, as well as a fine exhibition of paintings from New York, Paris, Spain, as well as Canadian works of art.

## Youthful Sympathy.

Robby (in an audible whisper)—Mamma! Mamma—Well, dear!

Robby—Why don't his mother get him a rubber ring to bite on instead of making him cut his teeth on that hard, bone-handled cane?

## The Drama.

Though there is little in these days of blazing sun and sultry atmosphere to tempt one's thoughts in the direction of things theatrical, nevertheless preparations for the approaching season are being pushed on by enterprising managers with a vigor utterly incompatible with the present standing of the elusive quicksilver. Mr. O. B. Sheppard, of the Grand opera house, who for some time past has been taking life easy in rural solitudes, dreaming of triumphs and big runs yet to be, and occasionally pursuing "the flimsy tribe that dwell in pools the fisher knows right well," with such success as he alone can properly narrate, has returned to town and is busily engaged in attending to the fitting up of his theater for the opening which is now not far distant. The history of Toronto's theaters for many years past embraces some of the most illustrious names in modern theatrical annals. This indicates that the Toronto public has always been well catered to in this line, and also that it has been able to fully appreciate the highest forms of dramatic art. With the growth of the city we may expect a larger influx of the best companies on the road, and there is little doubt that the coming season will be one of the most brilliant Toronto has yet seen. The Grand Opera House will stay with its old reputation in dramatic exhibitions and probably go it one better, while our musical friends will find a more suitable place than they have yet had to enjoy their favorite art in the new music hall on King street. It will be under the management of Mr. Percival T. Greene, and within its walls will doubtless be heard during the coming winter many of the finest musical attractions America can furnish.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new play of Phyllis is a failure.

Maurice B. Pike is Rose Coghlan's comedian and new stage manager.

Christine Nilsson has recovered from her recent illness, but has become deaf.

Newton Beers' great spectacular representation Enoch Arden failed in Chicago last week.

Gilbert & Sullivan are at work upon a new comic opera dealing with sixteenth century "fads."

Charles A. Watkins, Ada Gray's husband and manager, is said to be slowly dying in a hospital.

Handsome Gladys Rankin, daughter of McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard, was recently married to Sydney Drew.

The story which has been going the rounds of the press relating to Mary Anderson's insanity proves to be a "fake."

The London Gaiety Company in "Faust Up to Date," has been engaged by Henry E. Abbey to fill Mary Anderson's time in New York.

Perrugini has been engaged by Henry E. Abbey to sing Romeo to Patti's Juliet. Perrugini is an old Toronto boy who was known here as John Chatterbox.

Shakespeare's Tempest has been presented as a grand ballet at the Paris Opera House with marked success, owing to its wonderful scenic and mechanical effects.

Among the grandmothers now on the stage are Modjeska, Sara Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Lydia Thompson, Mrs. John Drew, Rose Eyttinge, Louise Eldridge and Mrs. W. J. Florence.

Theatrical business has become so bad in Paris, owing to the attractiveness of the Exposition, that the managers have reduced the prices of seats in the hope of thereby increasing their patronage.

In a small theater at the close of the act the curtain did not drop the whole length but remained suspended half way. Stretched out on the stage lay a solitary dead man. As all endeavors to lower the curtain failed, the "corpse" at length got up, said in sepulchral tones, "No rest even in the grave!" and went and dragged the curtain to the floor.

Stephen Kemble used to relate how he once played to an audience of one. The house for the night was taken by a sailor who had just come into port with plenty of money, and for it he paid the sum of £30 with the express stipulation that nobody but himself should be present. He also insisted that the play should be Henry the Fourth. "Let me have the old boy with the round forehead, built like a Dutch lugger, and lurching like a Spanish galleon in a heavy sea. Give me Sir John Falstaff." The performance passed off very satisfactorily. The sailor dictated what music should be played for the overture, sat through the play, cheering vociferously at Sir John, and went away highly satisfied without waiting for the afterpiece.

A writer in the *Theater* writes of Letty Lind the English dancer as follows: "At no time had I conceived the delight of watching the movements of a danseuse attired so as to veil her Grecian charms. Besides, had I not seen Bonfanti, in that superficial skin lustrous from a bath of garden-dew, with hair that shone like a tiara crusted with chrysolites, defying modesty on tip-toe. But Letty Lind served me with none of these gimmicks of distraction. It was in truth, with the air of one who is about to relish an intercourse with grace and all the other properties beautiful and occult in Art, that I entered a certain theatre for the fourth time to look at Letty Lind—sweet *Fleur de Lis*."

In a ballet may be defined art, poetry, and prayer even, by symbols that enable us to cast aside the flesh like some well-worn garment. True, that I had frequently enjoyed these expressions of ideal delicacies, but, heretofore, had they not come undressed and with a smack of shamelessness! It was then as if someone had redecked the waxen virgin in a chapel in which things consecrated had been stripped when Letty Lind pirouetted for us in her skirts as light as summer clouds; others had danced under the necessity of a license, that which

permits a barbarous display of limb and wantonness silk-deep. In Letty Lind my Phryne, now buried like some favorite perfume of old, has become a sprightly Vesta.

Clergymen, with their wonted orthodox method of bewildering individuals that prefer theaters to churches, have repeated their unauthorized condemnation of the muslin saucer to greet at last the innovation of Letty Lind. Leo and Huxley may now be seated in the same stall, Talmage and McGlynn, Capel and Ingersoll.

Letty Lind, for those of our readers that are at sea as to the achievements that justify so florid an account of her ability, is the young woman that, during the engagements of George Edwards' Burlesque Company in this country, introduced the idea of dancing in skirts. She was at one time a member of Charles Wyndham's Company. Refined, graceful, unaffected and lovable, she will always find a haven wherever she may be.

## Wanted to See Joseph's Wife.

The humors of a Lancashire audience were recently exemplified at the meeting which Mr. Chamberlain addressed at Bacup. Mr. Chamberlain was accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain, and much interest was of course taken in the American bride. Every one of the speakers who preceded Mr. Chamberlain referred to Mrs. Chamberlain's presence, and expressed the belief that her coming to England was evidence of the growing attachment between the peoples of that country and America. Sir Joseph Lee was proceeding in this strain of homage to Mrs. Chamberlain, when he was interrupted by a man with a dialect at the back of the hall who inquired, "Which is her?" The question was pertinent, because there were a number of ladies on the platform, and the audience were anxious to identify the one who had been the object of so much compliment. The homely but independent manner in which it was propounded, however, caused much amusement. Mrs. Chamberlain herself appreciated the joke, and, at Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion, she rose and bowed her acknowledgments.

## He Formerly Preached in Cuba.

Western Preacher (who is being pelted with pears, apples and oranges by the cowboys)—Hold on, this is getting ausgespielt. Hit me with a banana or two for a change.

## All She Asked of Him.

"And you say you would die for me, George?"

"Die for you? Yes, a thousand deaths!"

"You are a noble man, George."

"My darling, you don't know me yet."

"Well, dearest, I do not wish you to die for me, but I will tell you what you can do for me to show your affection."

"What is it, my darling? Shall I pluck the stars from the cerulean dome? Shall I say to the sea, 'Ha, ha! cease to flow, for my love wills it!' Shall I tell you bright and inconstant moon that is glinting the hill-tops with her light that she must not shine on thy face too roughly? Ha!"

"No, George, no," she smilingly said. "I do not wish you to attempt such impossibilities. All I ask of you is this—"

"Yes, my darling."

"All I ask of you is this—don't call here again!"

## Knocked Out.

"There were two men got in a fight in front of the store to-day," said one of Austin's foremost merchants at supper, "and I tell you it looked pretty tough for one of them. The bigger one he grabbed a cart-stake and drew it back. I thought sure he was going to knock the other's brains out, and jumped in between them."

The family had listened with wrapt attention and as the head paused in his narrative, the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery was immeasurable, proudly remarked: "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir as if to detect evidences of a dawning humorist, but as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his fourth tart, he gasped and resumed his supper.—*Texas Siftings*.

## An Australian Courtship.

"How did you manage to win her affections so quickly, Dan? The recipe's worth knowing."

"Oh, that was simple enough," replied he. "The first night that I arrived at the lodging house in Auckland I found myself sitting next to a young woman at supper, who I soon found was one of the newly-arrived emigrants. I looked her over, and saw she was a round, strong, cheery-looking lass, with a laughing face, and thought she'd do. I didn't know how to go foolin' around her (as I am certain you would have done, sir; no offense to you, but) just spoke a word or two with her, and when out in the passage gave her a squeeze and a kiss. Says she, 'How dare you?'"

"Says I, 'I want to marry you, my dear.'"

"Marry me! cries she, laughing; 'why, I don't know you!'"

"No more do I you, my dear," says I, "so that makes it all fair and equal."

"She didn't know how to put a clapper on that, so she only laughed, and said she couldn't think of it."

"Not think of it," says I, artful like, 'not when you have come all these thousands of miles for the purpose?'"

"What do you mean?" says she, staring.

"Come now," says I, "don't tell me, I know what's what. When a man immigrates it's to get work; when a woman immigrates it's to get married. You may as well do it at once."

"Well, she giggled a bit, and we were spliced two days afterwards."

## A Hen-Pecked Man.

Mrs. Manly (to visitor)—It is an outrage the way people talk. Everybody says that I bulldoze my husband so that he is afraid to say that his soul is his own. It's an infamous lie. Just ask my husband himself. Charles, my dear, come here!

Charles (in the next room)—I haven't got time right now, my dear.

"Are you coming, Charles, or are you not?"

"I'm coming, Matilda, as fast as I can."

## An Equivocal Compliment.

Biggs—Did you notice, Driggs, what the Fowler said of my last speech?

Driggs—No, what was it?

"Why, that in it I showed myself a Samson of debate."

"H-m-m, I see. Samson was the fellow who slew his enemies with the jaw-bone of an ass."

## After Some Years

Mrs. Footlights—See here, Garrick, you will have to try to make a living for yourself. I can no longer support you on my salary.

Mr. Footlights (dolefully)—Ah, if the good old days were only back again, when you made five hundred dollars a month as a child actress.

## Bright Prospects.

Visiting Friend—How are you and your husband coming on?

Mrs. Hopeful—O, he is a model husband! There is no species of vice from which he has not sworn off several times. I feel very much encouraged.



## The Beautiful Land of the Dead.

For Saturday Night.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty weeps,  
At the place where royalty dines,  
Down over the cradle where infancy sleeps,  
And up where strong statesmanship shines;  
There closely impinges a "garden of loves,"  
Where never a tear-drop is shed,  
And the flowers ever bloom mid the cooing of doves—  
Tis the land of the sanctified dead.

The people who dwell in that land of delight,  
Mid its music, and sunshine, and mirth,  
Are the ones who were true to God and the right  
In the wearisome, sorrowful earth;  
And each as they come—in His favor restored—  
To fountains of gladness are led,  
And live in the light of the smile of the Lord,  
In the beautiful land of the dead.

In vision, the rapt "Son of Ido, the Seer"  
Saw the streets of "the City of Truth,"  
And all the fair pavements translucent appear  
As the play-ground of beautiful youth:  
The children are there, with their laughter and song,  
Not a charm that enrobed them hath fled,  
But fairer, and sweeter, and brighter, they throng  
In the land of the glorified dead.

Every pulse-throb of mine, there's a heart beating low  
A spirit that panted for peace  
And pined to be free from the pains that it oppress,  
Hath found an eternal release.  
And we, by the grace of our Master, shall come  
Where the Palms of Eternity spread,  
And join the immortal ones safely at home  
In the "Beautiful Land of the Dead."

L. A. MORRISON.

## The Minister's Daughter.

In the Minister's morning sermon,  
He told of the primal fall,  
And how henceforth the wrath of God  
Resteth on each and all.

And how of his will and pleasure,  
All souls, save a chosen few,  
Were doomed to eternal torture,  
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never, by Faith's unreason,  
A saintlier soul was tried,  
And never the harsh old lesson  
A tenderer heart belied.

And after the painful service,  
On that pleasant, bright first day,  
He walked with his little daughter  
Thro' the apple bloom of May.

So sweet in the fresh green meadow  
Sparrow and blackbird sung;  
Above him their tinted petals  
The blossoming orchard hung.

Around, on the wonderful glory,  
The minister looked and smiled;  
"How good is the Lord, who gives us  
These gifts from His hand, my child."

"Behold in the bloom of apples,  
And the violets in the sword,  
A hint of the old lost beauty  
Of the Garden of the Lord."

Then upspoke the little maiden,  
Treading on snow and pink,  
"Oh, father! these pretty blossoms  
Are very wicked I think."

"Had there been no Garden of Eden,  
There had never been a fall,  
And if never a tree had blossomed,  
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,  
"By His decree man fell;  
His ways are in clouds and darkness,  
But He doeth all things well."

"And whether by His ordaining  
To us cometh good or ill,  
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,  
We must fear and love Him still."

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,  
"And I try to love Him, too;  
But I wish he were kind and gentle,  
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit,  
As the tremulous lips of pain,  
And wide, wet eyes uplifted,  
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head, he pondered  
The words of his little one,  
Had he erred in his life-long teachings,  
Had he cried to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol  
Had he lent the holiest name?  
I did his own heart, loving and human,  
The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,  
From the tender skies above,  
And the face of his little daughter,  
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror,  
Of Sinai's mount of law,  
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies  
The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb,  
Of old was His presence known,  
The dread, ineffable glory  
Was infinite goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted  
In his prayers a tender strain,  
And never the message of hatred  
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,  
And the blinded eyes found sight,  
And hearts, as flint aforetime,  
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## The Romance of a Button.

He was about to say adieu,  
Was thinking of some word to flatter,  
When from his overcoat there flew  
A button with a dismal clatter.

He blushed, but she with woman's tact,  
As if she saw a good joke in it,  
Cried, laughingly, "There! now, I'll act  
Your tailor's part for just a minute."

He doff'd the coat and watched her thread  
The needle with her head low bending.  
"Now, do you know," he softly said,  
"I have an awful lot of mending!"

"A bachelor, well, say, like me,  
Is at the mercy of his tailor.  
And then there's something else, you see  
(As this he turned a trifle paler)."

"My heart needs mending much, I fear;  
Do you suppose that you could do it?"  
"Well, I don't know," she mused, "but, dear,  
I'll give my whole attention to it!"



## Noted People.

P. T. Barnum is going to take his entire show across the water to exhibit in London the greatest show on earth.

A publishing house in London has offered William E. Gladstone a large sum if he will write a political romance. He has declined the offer.

Ruskin has presented the Cork High School for Girls with a case of rare and costly minerals, stones and gems, and also with eighteen of his original drawings to the Stones of Venice.

It is said that the Princess Louise of Wales, married to Lord Fife a week ago, is beginning to suffer from deafness—the infirmity with which her mother has long been afflicted.

Mrs. Spurgeon, the wife of the noted Baptist preacher, is a confirmed invalid, and has been for many years. Yet she is the founder of two important charities in London, the book fund and the pastors' aid fund.

The Queen of Roumania has just written a play which is to be translated into English. It deals cleverly with a national subject, which is treated in a half romantic, half allegorical manner.

Ex-Empress Eugenie has few companions at Farnborough, and those have accepted the melancholy austerities of her life. Her establishment is modest; the stables contain but a small number of horses, including the ponies she drives herself; four or five carriages stand in the coach house with the Imperial escutcheon and crown emblazoned on the panels.

Marshal MacMahon, now in his 81st year, is as fresh as a boy and has never had yet from a natural cause a day's illness in his life. All the experience of illness that he has had arose from wounds. His complexion retains its freshness and he has still a noble erect carriage. The Marshal in speaking of his health, said: "I owe it to my Irish blood. The Irish are the hardest people on the face of the earth."

The roll of years is beginning to tell on Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the famous story writer. She is now 72 years of age, and although still bright and active, requires constant attention, owing to defective eyesight. The authoress lives in Yonkers, at the home of her son, who has a lucrative medical practice. Her regular yearly income is \$10,000, and with this and the royalties on her many books, she is able to live comfortably.

Mrs. Alma-Tadema, it is said, took the palm at the recent drawing-room in the art and science of the devising of a really novel and beautiful court gown. Her dress was a golden color, with Empire features, the petticoat of white crepe de chene embroidered most exquisitely. Instead of the usual jeweled ornaments she wore a wonderful necklace of fine gold, many yards in length, wound round and round her fair throat.

A writer, just now sojourning in Tarrytown, gives a passing tribute to its well known poetess: "Two ladies glided along the shaded street toward me. The elder was a slender woman in black. At her side walked a lily-like girl with short blonde curls, and a marvellous complexion shaded by a poke bonnet. She was dressed in white, a string of pearls encircled her throat. After they had passed a workman said in answer to my inquiry, 'That is Minna Irving and her mother.'"

In a recent article on the Empress Dowager of China, the London *Spectator* spoke of the Empress as "a lady probably with crippled feet." This was a misapprehension. The Manchus, of which race comes the reigning dynasty of China, do not cripple the feet of their women; therefore, the ladies of the Imperial family are not, and never have been, subject to this degrading and demoralizing practice. It is the Chinese proper, the subject and not the conquering race, who torture and maim their women.

The rumor that at one time it was intended that the Princess Louise of Wales should marry the Duke of Portland has only a slight leaven of truth in it. The young duke was, of course, one of the best *partis* in Europe, and a man whom the Princess of Wales would gladly have welcomed as a son-in-law; but when His Grace was sounded on the matter more than a year ago, he very plainly and decidedly expressed his opinion that a man should follow his own heart in matters matrimonial, and furthermore, that he personally had no intention of aspiring to the hand of a Princess of the blood.

No one can accuse the Swedish Princes of conforming too scrupulously to the etiquette that is supposed to hedge in the actions of Royalties. It seems only the other day that Prince Oscar married his sister-in-law's maid of honor, at Bournemouth, and now comes the news that his brother, Prince Eugene, the genius of the family, who for some time has been throwing himself, heart and soul, into the study of painting, has just become engaged to Her Royal Highness the Princess Kalukani of Hayti. The Princess, who, although a rather dark brunette, is a woman of singular beauty, most attractive manners, and considerable intellectual power, is at present in Paris, where she made the acquaintance of Prince Eugene.

I was recently sitting in Mark Twain's home in Hartford, says a writer in the New York *Graphic*, waiting for the humorist to return from his daily walk. Suddenly sounds of devotional singing came in through the open window from the direction of the outer conservatory. The singing was low, yet the sad tremor in the voice seemed to give it special carrying power. "You have quite a devotional domestic," I said to a member of the family who came in shortly afterward. "That is not a domestic who is singing," was the answer. "Step to this window and look in the conservatory and see for yourself." I did so: There, sitting alone on one of the rustic benches in the flower house, was a small, elderly lady. Keeping time with the first finger of her right hand, as if with a baton, she was slightly swaying her frail body as she sang, softly yet sweetly, Charles Wesley's hymn, Jesus Lover of My Soul, and Sarah Flower Adams' Nearer, My God, to Thee. But the singer was not a domestic. It was Harriet Beecher Stowe! There sat the once brilliant authoress like a child crooning a favorite air.

## To the Woods.

"It was the time when water-lilies blow  
And clouds are highest up in air."  
So high there is not one visible—even that proverbial one the breadth of a man's hand—to tempt for us the hot rays of this August sun. I fancy before it is ten o'clock mesdemoiselles, you will be very grateful to me for having coaxed you to set out upon our quest while still the early morning was

"Clothing the palpable and the familiar  
With golden exhalations of the dawn."

What a quaint look of strangeness our friends' houses—smokeless, silent, and be-shuttered—take on as we pass along the deserted streets where our footfalls make the only echoes. I never find myself out in the clear still light, the fragrant silence of early morning, that I do not feel with a pang the sudden consciousness of all the delightful hours I might have enjoyed, but have let go by forever. Of course I should not have said silence with such a chorus of "leaf-hid birds," in full swing. I meant the silence of humanity; nature is never silent; and now that we are leaving the unmusical twitterings of those garrulous impostors, the English sparrows, behind, we have a chance to enjoy the pleasant carollings of our native singers.

Listen, girls! what a cry of distress! There's a bird row of some kind going on in that orchard. Let us wait a little and see. Look! look! over in that corner, near the barn—there they go, a wretched little king bird driving a pair of great frightened red-crested woodpeckers before him. How they scream—and yet one of their big white and black bodies would make two of his little brown one. See

how he flirts that white-barred tail of his in vainglorious triumph; you'd think he felt he had a prescriptive right to the fruits of civilization and looked upon these forest birds as poachers.

But it is simply a matter of pugnacity on his part. I have seen him chase many another bird, even the kingfisher, and he certainly could not want the fish. What quantities of hare-bells there are about here! And did you ever see anything more beautifully blue? Don't let us gather them, however, till we are coming back. We have quite a long row before us, and they will be just so much the fresher to take home. How beautiful the river looks from here—like a silver ribbon thrown over the land's soft green, and with just a hint of mist yet lying on its still waters. Now then, "All aboard!" Who takes bow oars? Take care, there. Oh! to gather those flowers. Yes, are there, oh pretty? Arrowheads, you know; with their spikes of ivory white flowers gleaming among the tall, bright leaves, from whose shape they take their name. Not so long ago this plant was considered a sure cure for hydrophobia.

What a number of yellow pond-lilies. Ugly! Oh, how can you say so? As they lie there on their widespread, shining leaves, with a background of tall rushes, they look like balls of gold, and when you examine them closely, see how exquisitely they are clouded with a deep, rich maroon color. Widely different as they seem from their many-petalled white cousins the variances are only apparent; the many-petals are here, all these insignificant little square topped things enclosed within the four great yellow sepals.

There are, however, very beautiful yellow water lilies of just the shape and size of our white ones, growing profusely about Jacksonville in Florida. Indeed, a southern lady told me they are to be found all through not only Florida, but most of the Southern States, even as far north as the Delaware River in Maryland. They looked wonderfully gorgeous amongst that luxuriant southern vegetation, but they had not for me half the charm of our own exquisite

"River queen,  
Of a pure heart."  
I have seen the lovely pink-tinted ones that grow in Muskoka, but I suppose they are the same as those about Cape Cod and Falmouth in Massachusetts. You can't imagine anything lovelier; sometimes the deep rose color almost verges on crimson.

No; they are not exactly the same as the Egyptian Lotus though very nearly related, the latter being a Nelumbo, and ours a Nymphaea—a name it owes to the old Greeks, who dedicated it to the water nymphs. The water nymphs and their worshippers are gone for many and many a century, while the lilies float as serenely on the streams of Thessaly as they did two thousand years ago.

But the Lotus of the Nile blooms no longer on the Sacred River. The great white Nymphaea grows freely on it and all its tributaries; but though the mystic flower that once crowned the priestesses of Isis, is to be found in China and Japan, in India, in Australia, in the Malayan Archipelago—has even shown a willingness to find a home on our American waters—the land where it was old before the pyramids were thought of, knows it no more. And what a charm a landscape loses in its loss. The many-petalled, rose-flushed beautiful blossoms, many measuring ten inches across, that reared their proud heads often six or eight feet above the surface of the water, and the great leaves as big as four of ours, that looked like bowls of bronze lined with emerald. Do you wonder men should have held them sacred to their gods?

Hush! we have startled that kingfisher. How pretty he looks as he sweeps low over the shadowed water, the burnished blue and black of his body just revealed as he passes through the bars of sunlight. There, did you see the flash of his white breast as he turned into the thicket? It is very, very pleasant here under

these overhanging boughs, but we must not wait; the spot I told you of is just beyond that bend, a few more strokes will bring us to

"Those virgin lilies, all the night  
Bathing their beauties in the lake,  
That they may rise more fresh and bright,  
When their beloved sun's awake."

Look! girls, look; did I promise you too much? And see, down through the water, the number of closed buds slowly growing up to take the place of these.

But let us hurry and gather them, for we have a long row back, and *entre nous*, that handful of crackers was far from satisfactory, and I, for one, am very hungry. D. B.



Bass Lake (Muskoka).

For Saturday Night.

Looked by its steeply fir-crowned  
Within the country of the north, there lies  
A heron-haunted lake, where seldom sound  
Disturbs the virgin air, save when the sighs  
Of gentle pine trees breathe their wind-taught song  
Throughout the hours, in cadence low and long.

Their chanting flutes and falls  
Soft as the murmurs purring in a shell  
That sings of far-off seas—whose cup entralls  
The voice of many deeps where waters swell  
To everlasting song, and evermore  
An echo pearl enclosed repeats it o'er.

Among these wilds trends not  
The foot of fashion, all the littleness  
Of social living dies away forgot,  
And scorned by him who seeks this wilderness  
For majesty that lies so far beyond  
The pale of culture, and its trivial bond.

Upon this rugged shore  
The camper's red log-fire is aglow,  
He, who so treasures wood and water lore,  
While fortune's could not purchase nor bestow  
The purity with which the night endows  
His sleep upon his bed of cedar boughs.

No rose-leaf couch in his,  
He spurns the so-called culture that refines  
Field blossoms to evanescent sweeter is  
The fragrance of those mighty forest pines,  
The littleness of language seems the flower,  
The fire is of silence, grandeur, soul and power.

Their pulses never die  
Thro' wide-eyed day or drowsy-lidded night,  
When lonely herons flying lakeward cry,  
And some far loon laughs answer in her flight,  
O' Northern waters where the muses sing  
Of poetry—the poet here is king.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.



Time, "the living present." Persons, Miss Maud Lovell and Mr. Harry Spooner, in the latter's canoe, half-a-mile or so from shore. Maud is full of carefully concealed fears of a spill; Harry, of perfectly patent adoration of her.

Maud (apprehensively)—Have you ever been capsized?  
Harry (without reflection)—Oh, yes; lots of times. (Bemusing himself.) That is, I mean never; or, at least, not when I had passengers.

Maud—Didn't you say just now that this is the first time you've asked any one to go out with you?  
Harry (heedlessly ardent)—Indeed, yes! I always preferred being alone until—until now.

Maud (adhering to the point)—Then you have never had any passengers?  
Harry (N-No).

Maud (in a Q. E. D. tone)—Ah, I thought so! Harry (thinking opportunity favorable)—What need you fear when with me—when with one who would gladly give his life—

Maud (aside)—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear! He's going to speak! And, of all places in the world, in this horrid, wobbling thing, that the least lurch may turn bottom side up! One might as well make a declaration on a tight rope over Niagara Falls!

Maud (aside)—I fear you think me presumptuous—  
Harry (aside)—No, not at all; but so dreadfully fidgety! Why can't he propose quietly? Every time he clasps his hands in that agonized way, we only just miss going over!

Harry (in a low, earnest voice)—Maud, listen! Maud (aside)—And if you knew mine! Oh, how he makes us rock when he sighs!

Harry (growing desperate)—And you sit there—  
Maud (aside)—It's all I can do, though, when you bounce about so!

Harry (wildly)—Calm, cool, unconcerned—  
Maud (aside)—Any thing but that.

Harry—Maud—  
Maud (aside)—One of us must be, if we hope to see land again.

Harry (sinking down)—I almost lose hope—  
Maud (aside)—And you'll completely lose your balance, if you don't mind.

Harry (in great excitement)—But, nevertheless, I will risk my happiness—  
Maud (aside)—And our lives! Goodness! We took in a bucketful that time!

Harry—And ask if you love me?  
Maud (aside)—Oh, what shall I do? If I say "Yes" (as I always intended), he'll instantly seize me in his arms, and then, so use we go into the water. And I really can't say "No" to the dear fellow, even to save a capsized boat.

Harry (despairingly throwing himself back)—No answer!  
Maud (aside)—Oh! Ah! But he mustn't be permitted to do that again. It's a miracle that we're still above water. I'll temporize a little—hesitate—coquette—lie—anything, anything to keep him quiet and this wretched craft right side up until we can get ashore again. (Aloud.) Mr. Spooner—  
Harry (violently starting up)—Don't call me that!

Maud (aside)—Everything—silence or speech—seems to agitate him; and, worse, makes

## A Mistake in the Genus.



Mr. Cloodup (at Fire Island)—You've got the biggest cheek of any coon I ever seen. Jesh 'cause I forgot 'ee yer for bringin' me zhat tough steak 'r breakfast, you swim out after it.—Judge.

him agitate the canoe. (Aloud.) Well, Harry, then!  
Harry (much excited)—She calls me Harry!



Maud (aside)—I certainly won't again, if it causes such plunges as that. I truly thought we were gone. (Aloud.) This is so sudden—so unexpected, that I hardly know what to say. We are both very young—

(Harry half rises to his feet in protest.)  
Maud (aside)—And doomed to die so, it looks to me. He'll be through the bottom, indeed he will! (Aloud.) I scarcely feel that I—

Harry (tearing his hair)—She's going to refuse!  
Maud (aside)—Not in case that is a specimen of the way you'd receive the announcement. How passionate he is, and how he does thrash around! No girl who couldn't swim would be likely to refuse him—until she got ashore.

(Aloud.) You misunderstand me, Mr. Spooner—  
Harry (demonstratively)—Then you accept me!

Maud (aside)—Mercy on me! Do all his emotions take the form of spasms? (Aloud.) Please paddle back to the pier; and on the way I will consider my answer.

Harry (gloomily)—Very well. (Paddles in silence.)  
Maud (aside)—I'm dead! Evidently the feeling of suspense is the sole one that doesn't react upon his muscular system. Half way in, already. Poor boy, how anxious he looks! He fears I'll throw him over, when it's only that I want to prevent his doing the same to me. But a few more. Suppose I speak! One little word would entirely reverse his feelings—yes, and the canoe, likewise! No, I'll wait. Twenty yards—fifteen—ten—and here we are! Not a soul in sight, either!

(Harry assists her ashore, following himself.)  
Maud (aside)—Thank the stars! Now he may be as convulsive as he likes. (Aloud.) Well, yes, Harry—dear Harry!

Harry (somewhat later)—Do you know, darling, that by your conduct in the canoe, you quite upset me?  
Maud (very tenderly)—Yes; but you don't know how often you almost upset me, dear!

Harry (Puck)—  
Maud (Puck)—

Empty Kirks and Big Stipends.  
Now that disestablishment of the Church of Scotland has come within the area of practical politics—and come, too, at the very best time for the Liberal party in Scotland—it may not be uninteresting to know the position which the State Church holds in some of the northern counties. One of the most frequent claims put forth for the Established Church, is that it is the church of the poor. If that be so in the Highlands, the poor must be few and far between, at least in the three synods and the ten presbyteries whose statistics are cited below.

No traveling agents of the Liberation Society got up these statistics, nor are they the result of a church census inaugurated by a Radical newspaper, and carried out by Radical enumerators. On the contrary, they are official, taken from the Book of the Church of Scotland (Year Book), 1889, and covered by the Nec Tamen Consumebatur, and the Burning Bush, and by two little Scotch thistles that dance attendance one on either side of the bush.

I dare say there are a good many of our readers who do not know what a presbytery is, or a Synod, or even a Kirk Session, and who would fairly lose their way in a discussion on friends, or their prices, or glebes. Fortunately for my purpose it is not necessary to go into any lengthened or exhaustive explanation of

technicalities. Put very roughly, yet truthfully, a presbytery is a group of congregations, and a Synod a group of presbyteries. I propose to deal with three Synods—those of Ross, of Sutherland and Caithness, and of Glenelg. In the Synod of Ross there are three presbyteries—those of Chanony, of Dingwall, and of Tain. Chanony has eight congregations. Their membership and the stipends paid to their ministers are as under:

Congregation	Membership	Stipend
Avonch	88	£217
Cromarty	62	280
Gaelic	84	147
Fortrose	14	216
Kilbrannan	5	291
Knockbain	51	244
Roslin	39	236
Rosemarkie	35	

The same proportions hold fairly true for the presbytery of Dingwall. The largest of its congregations is that of Dingwall itself, where there is a membership of 134, and the smallest is Carnoch, where the Rev. John McDougall ministers to a flock consisting of three individuals. One of these is no doubt the precursor, and unless that individual does church officer's duty, a second must be the head. Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, the minister of Upphart and Logie Webster, has a stipend of £317 for ministering to twenty-eight members! Tarbat, a charge under the presbytery of Tain, has two ministers to twenty-five people.

The presbyteries of the Synod of Sutherland and Caithness are three in number, and consist of thirty congregations. Of these, one (Wick) has over 200 members, and two (Canisbay and Thurso) between 100 and 200. These that follow have fewer than thirty members. Yet are not their clergymen underpaid.

Congregation	Membership	Stipend
Asynt	21	£190
Kildonan	21	213
Lairg	22	129
Loth	24	169
Rogart	20	170
Storr	8	182
Dunness	14	177
Eldrachillis	15	165
Tarr	15	240
Kinlochbarrie	9	120
Strathly	5	120
Tongue	21	208
Berrisdale	10	158
Halkirk	28	252
Latheron	28	302
Lybster	21	120
Olrig	20	236
Watton	17	222

Thus, for attending to the spiritual requirements of 335 members, no less a sum than £3,314 is paid! One of the three Presbyteries which compose the Synod of Sutherland and Caithness—Tongue—has six congregations—their aggregate membership is eighty. The biggest stipend paid in that presbytery is in the case of Tarr, where the minister has £220 for preaching to a handful of fifteen members.

The Synod of Glenelg has four presbyteries—Lochearn, Skye, Uist, and Lewis; and only in one instance out of thirty-five does the membership exceed a hundred. Take these as a sample of single-figure congregations:

Congregation	Membership	Stipend
Gairloch	8	£222
Shieldaig	2	120
Islain in-Waternish	5	120
Berner	3	120
Ilas	6	257
Cross	4	120
Knock	6	120
Lochs	7	205
Caroway	7	

I leave the figures to speak for themselves, with the observation that they are not accepted as accurate by the Dissenters of Scotland. I do not say they are inaccurate—I give them as official.—Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

Studying Human Nature.  
Smyth—What's your boy doing now-a-days Edgerton?  
Edgerton—Oh, I've set him to studying human nature.

Ah! traveling about the world, I presume, picking up experience in the mad rush for existence.  
"No, you're wrong. I've set him to work picking up five dollars a week in the mad rush of a dry goods store."

And She Meant It.  
He (enthusiastically)—I love everything that is grand, beautiful, poetic and lovely. I love the peerless, the serene and the perfect in life. She—How you must love me, darling; why did you not propose before?

There's Many a True Word Spoken in Jest.



Outraged Ostrich—So you're the sucker I've been laying for!—Puck.



## Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Lucille was better. The fever had left her; she had slept soundly for several consecutive nights; she had eaten manifold boiled soles and numerous wings of pheasants; and more than a dozen champagne bottles had found their way into her sick-room. On this day she was to get up and be carried for the first time into her aunt's morning room.

There had certainly been no pretence about her malady in the first instance. She had been genuinely and seriously ill; the shock of her uncle's death—the awful spectacle that she had witnessed—his gasping curses, his delirious ravings, and the frightful sadness of his end—had quite unhinged her mind and flung her for some days into a brain fever; but, when she began to recover, she feigned to be ill a good deal longer than she could be actually said to be so; and her convalescence lasted longer than it need have done.

Lucille wanted to gain time. So long as she was shut up in her bed-room, with her maid as her sole attendant and the doctor as her only visitor, no inconvenient and distressing questions were likely to be put to her. The longer the period of time that elapsed between her uncle's death and her reappearance in daily life, the better chance there would be for the events of the evening of her death to become forgotten. Lucille did not want to be cross-questioned about the events.

It was true enough that she had pretty well known that to give a man very ill with disease of the heart a mental shock such as she proposed to give her uncle was to run the almost certain risk of shortening his life—and Lucille had meant to shorten his life; what she had not intended to do was to bring it to such a very sudden termination. She had intended Lord Elwyn to die of the results of her communication; but she had not intended him to die so soon. She had intended him to alter his will first—to cut his daughter's name out of it and insert her own in its place—and then, when that righteous deed was accomplished, to die quietly and naturally in his bed, so that no one should have thought there was anything strange or unforeseen about it. But Lord Elwyn had provokingly upset all these clever calculations, and had chosen to die in a fit of raving delirium quite half an hour before it was convenient and rational that he should die; and the will had consequently remained unaltered.

Lucille was specially anxious that nobody should discover the fact that previously to her fetching Mr. Williams out of the morning-room and taking him to her uncle's room, she had sat for ten minutes or more quite alone by her uncle's bedside. If that came to be known, would not some connection be certainly made between that visit and the poor man's violent and sudden end? Why, it need not be very naturally said that something in the way of a must have occurred to agitate and produce in him that condition of violent excitement which the doctors had specially bidden his attendants to beware of?

The only person who could say anything about this interview of Lucille's with her uncle was Mrs. Hyam. She alone knew that Lucille had been left alone for some time in her uncle's bedroom.

When the catastrophe of Lord Elwyn's death had occurred, Mrs. Hyam had come rushing up the back stairs in violent haste, as had entered the room just as life became extinct in the poor gentleman. Feeling at once that blame might very possibly be attached to her for her absence on the momentous occasion, and knowing in her heart that she had lingered unduly long in the upper footman's pantry whilst that gentleman had been pleasantly engaged in offering to her a glass of sherry and a slice of plum cake in conjunction with his hand and his heart, Mrs. Hyam hastened to exclaim, upon the entrance of the doctors, that she had only just run out to the top of the back stairs for a minute to see if the housemaid was bringing up some clean bed linen that she had ordered.

"How long were you out of the room, Mrs. Hyam?" had asked Sir Augustus.

"Not ten seconds, sir! Just as Miss Maitland and Mr. Williams came along the passage, I ran out; I couldn't have been away long enough for to count twenty. His lordship was in bed quite comfortable and quiet when I left him."

"Dear, dear—then it must have been frightfully sudden!" murmured the great doctor gravely. "A sudden spasm of pain, I imagine, which no one could have foreseen, made him spring out of bed no doubt, with, alas, this sad result!"

And so it was decided in minds medical to have been the case; whilst Mrs. Hyam, fearful of the truth leaking out and of losing her character for vigilance and alertness, took herself off to London by the earliest train in the morning, informing the upper-footman, as she bade him adieu, that she wished to goodness she had never set eyes on her "ugly mug," which had kept her out of her patient's room when the death scene took place.

"If ever you tell on me, John, I'll never be yours!" she said to him. "If you keep your mouth shut, I'll bear you in mind and let you know my answer. And as Mrs. Hyam was a widow in a very good way of business, John did keep his mouth shut, especially as nobody thought of making it worth his while to open it.

In these circumstances Lucille had nothing to fear from Mrs. Hyam. If no one took the trouble to question her, Mrs. Hyam to the end of time would never speak to anybody of the events of that memorable evening.

On regaining her senses and her powers of thought, the very first question which Lucille asked of her maid was—

"Where is that nurse?"

"That nurse, miss?"—"That hired nurse—Mrs. Hyam."

"She? Oh, she went away long ago, miss—directly poor Lord Elwyn was dead!" "And a good riddance too!" added Lucille to herself, for the upper-footman was a well-grown, handsome young man, and, before Mrs. Hyam's advent, he had not been wholly insensible to the charms of Sophia Noble. "Them sort of hired people does a deal o' mischief in a comfortable household, miss," continued Lucille, as she added to herself.

After that, Lucille was easier in her mind—Mrs. Hyam out of the way, no one else could do her any harm; and, so long as no questions were raised and Alfred suspected nothing, the whole subject would probably never be revived. Nevertheless she desired to let as long a time as possible elapse before her return to the daily habits of life. There was one person who she felt with an unerring instinct, were he to be ever so little on the scent, would undoubtedly annoy her by inconvenient and unanswerable questionings. That person was Sir Adrian Deverell. It was therefore chiefly to keep out of his way that Lucille partook of game and champagne in the seclusion of her own chamber long after the state of her health might have safely permitted her to consume these dainties down-stairs in the dining-room.

The day, however, came at last when some sort of a beginning had to be made; she could not remain in her bed-room for ever. So, arrayed in an exquisite tea-gown of white silk knitted with black bows to indicate her mourning condition, she was wheeled across the broad landing, past the top of the staircase, and into Lady Elwyn's private sitting-room, where the widow had chiefly sat since her husband's death.

The two women were glad to be together again. Lucille frequently deceived her aunt and kept back items of her confidence from her; but Lady Elwyn's affection for her be-

ful spoilt niece was genuine and sincere. Lady Elwyn in her deep widow's weeds, sank joyfully upon her knees on the side of Lucille's couch and kissed her fondly.

"My dearest girl, how delightful to see you up, and looking so sweet and lovely too! It is indeed happiness to me to get you back to health, my child. We have much to discuss, Lucille; you must be strong enough to talk."

Certainly, aunt—you might have talked whilst I was still in bed, for the matter of that.

"Oh, no! There was Noble always passing in and out; besides, I was afraid of agitating you; and I have been so lonely, dearest, since your terrible loss! Dearest Edward!"—and the widow pressed her handkerchief to her eyes with a little gentle sob which her reference to the dear departed seemed to denigrate.

"You might have sought consolation in the arms of 'dearest Edward's' daughter," suggested Miss Matilda, with unfeeling coldness and a slight sneer.

"That horrible girl!" cried Lady Elwyn angrily. "Lucille, I am never going to speak to her again! I have refused to see her. There is not the smallest doubt that she is morally guilty of her poor father's death."

"Indeed!" This was most interesting news to Lucille.

"Why, of course he must have heard something against her! You, my darling, have, I dare say, forgotten the painful details of the last sad scene; but Mr. Williams tells that my poor dear husband, believing you to be Kathleen, rushed at you and cursed you, calling you by her name, in the most frightful manner for some wickedness of hers which had evidently come to his ears. That undoubtedly is why he told Mrs. Hyam to find Mr. Williams in such a hurry after his wife's death."

Alas that death should have frustrated his just and righteous purpose!

"This way of putting matters was beyond all that Lucille had dared to hope for.

"Bravo, little Williams!" said she to herself delightedly; aloud, with a pensive melancholy, she murmured, "Dreadful girl! What a frightful load of responsibility she has incurred! And everything then is left to her?"

Everything that he could leave, save the Suffolk property, which he had bequeathed to her three hundred years ago, which was not in the entail, and which I persuaded him to secure to you at the time of your engagement, and my settlement of course—a thousand a year and the London house, which is small and inconvenient; all the rest, including those jewels that are not heirlooms—his mother's, for instance—and as much of the pictures, plate, and china as could be left away from Alfred, besides £250,000 to that girl."

"Oh, it is iniquitous—infamous! If I could bring myself to say a hard word of my dear husband, I could find it in my heart to say very bitter things of a man who has allowed his own wife to be so stupid and ignorant; you in order to enrich to superfluous the daughter of a shameful union with a barnard!"

"All the same, I think you have done wrong to quarrel with her. You had much better patch it up and get the benefit of her thousands. She is very stupid and ignorant; you might very easily make a good thing out of her if you were clever."

"Lucille, I know that you speak the words of worldly wisdom; but I hate the girl too much. I will not give her the shelter of my name or my house. Besides, it would be for so short a time that it would be of no advantage to me. Alfred is, I regret to say, still bent on marrying her."

"For her money of course," murmured Miss Maitland, looking thoughtfully into the fire. "Alfred knows very well how to feather his own nest. If she had been left nothing, he would have turned her out of doors. He knows her real character well enough. I am sure I have done my best to point out to him that she is scarcely respectable; but she shuts his eyes to it willfully because of her money. When are they going to be married?"

"I am sure I neither know nor care. It is quite disreputable her staying on in the house, I consider! As I have refused to see her, she is virtually alone in it, holding to her dear Alfred in all the down-stairs rooms. Goodness knows what she is up to—no good, I fear! And, now that Adrian has come back, I am glad you are better, and will be able to look after the war-fellow and keep him out of her toils. Only last night she made a most horrible commotion in the morning-room, I hear—screamed and shrieked so that the men-servants came running in, and found her in a dead faint on the floor. They had to carry her up stairs; and Dawson, tells me that both Alfred and Adrian went into her bedroom and helped to bring her to with salts and sal-volatile as she lay on her bed. It's an outrage to morality, I consider!"

"Perfectly disgusting!" ejaculated Miss Maitland. "I will soon put a stop to Adrian's little amusements in that line—that miserable creature has from the very first tried to get him away from me, as you know, aunt!"

"That she will never do, Lucille—a gentleman knows how to value a refined and high-bred lady who has been brought up above all others as his future wife, although with the baser part of his masculine nature it may afford him amusement to see how far a creature of that description will permit him to go. Men will always get one out of a woman who forgets that it is due to her sex; but no man desires to turn such a one into his wife."

"No; I dare say you are right, aunt," replied Miss Maitland piously.

"Did any passing thought of Laurie Doyle and the many fond kisses she has bestowed upon that young gentleman in her leisure moments weigh one feather's weight upon her conscience as she listened to her aunt's little homily on female virtue? Probably not; Lucille's conscience seldom troubled her at inconvenient times."

"Now as to your marriage, my love," continued Lady Elwyn. "Of course it will have to be solemnized in a very different fashion now from what we once planned—it will have to be very quiet."

Lucille heaved a deep sigh. This was indeed a calamity which came very dreadfully home to her. She thought of the large household of guests—of the marriage in the cathedral by the bishop, assisted by the dean—of the twelve bridesmaids in coral silk behind her—of the crowds in the Gloucester streets, and the non-reception in the castle afterwards. That was to have been a wedding worth dreaming about—a marriage worth living for.

"I know—I know!" she said, sorrowfully; and there were real tears in her eyes. "I thought of all that she was forced to surrender."

"But still we need not wait so very long, I think; and you might be married at nine o'clock in the morning with just a couple of witnesses. I could not of course come to the church; but then in London—for it must be in London—nobody notices one much; and after two months, if it was as quiet as that, there would be nothing to shock any one, I think."

It seems scarcely worth while to be married, at all, if it's to be done in such a horrible and corner sort of fashion!" cried Lucille miserably.

"My dearest girl, I feel for you! I know it is a dreadful disappointment to you—and after all we have arranged too! Ah, how true it is that no one can tell what a day may bring forth! When I think of those poor girls and their lovely coral dresses all ordered, and when I think, too, of all your beautiful gowns ready, it's really enough to break one's heart!"



First City Young Lady—Listen, Flo, how sweetly the children sing!  
Second City Young Lady—Ah, Gladys, what would I not give to be one of those happy, happy children!

"Those happy, happy children."—Puck.

"Oh, it is—it is!"—and Lucille actually wept at the recollection.

"But still, bad as it is," continued her aunt, "I really think it will be better not to put the marriage off for long. Dear Adrian will not like to be kept waiting. I think you might be married in the middle of April. Let me see—to-day is the first of February. Your dear uncle has been dead sixteen days. Suppose we say the sixteenth of April? That will be three months exactly—quite a respectable interval. Nobody could say a word."

"We shall soon go up to town, I suppose, aunt?"

"Soon, my love, as you are strong enough to travel. Our position here is uncomfortable. Alfred has been very kind; but I would rather go to my own house as soon as possible."

"The sooner the better, so far as I am concerned, aunt. Why cannot we go at once? To-day is Tuesday—let us leave on Friday or Saturday. I shall be quite well by then."

"Well, we might go on Monday, I think. Of course there is the packing, also the finding servants; but then I would send Dawson up to see to that. The house in Green street, you know, is completely furnished and very comfortable."

"Yes"—Lucille raised her head and looked carefully round the room—"there are a good many little things, such as china ornaments, candlesticks—that dear little clock, for instance, and that set of Worcester tea-cups in the cupboard; and in my room too—"

"Yes, yes—of course, my dear. You don't suppose I haven't thought of all that? I've given Dawson a little list already; and there are some things in the morning-room too—he is going to get them up-stairs quietly while the men-servants are waiting at dinner-time. Alfred will never miss them. Dawson is going to pack them amongst my clothes. You had better tell Noble to do the same in your rooms—it would be a sin to leave them."

"Oh, I have already told her—I've written them down, in fact, for her."

"There were certainly some subjects upon which this aunt and niece were in perfect accord and sympathy; they understood each other instinctively and at a word."

Lucille began to be quite excited about the move to London. Clotell Towers had now become tedious to her; the dullness and gloom of mourning had settled down upon its grandeur. There was no possibility of extracting any amusement out of the place—even the country neighbors only left cards of inquiry at the door; and propriety and decency forbade all thought of appearing in the hunting field. The sooner they got up to town the better, she thought. One can do things in London one cannot do in the country in the circumstances; and then in London there would be Laurie Doyle!

"I'll have a good time with poor Laurie before I'm turned off," said Miss Maitland to herself. "I'll take me about, and we can have a bit of fun together in a quiet way."

A knock at the door heralded a visit from Sir Adrian, who, upon hearing that his fiancée was on the sofa and visible, though it might be a little better to see you up again, Lucille!" he said kindly, taking a chair by her side.

"Lucille wants to talk to you about your wedding, dear Adrian," said Lady Elwyn—"we have been setting it together for the six weeks."

Adrian looked shocked.

"Oh, but that is a great deal too soon; it would not be decent—it would seem quite heartless!"

Lucille was offended, and violently drew away the hand which he held.

"Oh, no! If the ceremony takes place in London, Adrian, and the marriage is very quiet!" said Lady Elwyn. "I assure you it would not be at all disreputable to my poor husband's memory! And, if I do not mind who else is to say a word!"

"As you will, Lady Elwyn," he answered wearily. "After all, we need not settle it now, need we? It is about something else I wanted to speak to you. No, don't go, Lady Elwyn; I want you as much as Lucille. You say you are going up to town? When will you be moving—soon, do you think?"

"Oh, very soon—as soon, in fact, as Lucille is strong enough!" She says Friday; but I think we had better settle to go on Monday, what with packing and one thing and another. Yes, Monday let it be."

"Well, then, dear Lady Elwyn, and you too, Lucille, pray consider what is to be done about that poor child, Lucille. You say you are going up to town? When will you be moving—soon, do you think?"

"Oh, very soon—as soon, in fact, as Lucille is strong enough!" She says Friday; but I think we had better settle to go on Monday, what with packing and one thing and another. Yes, Monday let it be."

"Well, then, dear Lady Elwyn, and you too, Lucille, pray consider what is to be done about that poor child, Lucille. You say you are going up to town? When will you be moving—soon, do you think?"

"Oh, very soon—as soon, in fact, as Lucille is strong enough!" She says Friday; but I think we had better settle to go on Monday, what with packing and one thing and another. Yes, Monday let it be."

"Well, then, dear Lady Elwyn, and you too, Lucille, pray consider what is to be done about that poor child, Lucille. You say you are going up to town? When will you be moving—soon, do you think?"

"Oh, very soon—as soon, in fact, as Lucille is strong enough!" She says Friday; but I think we had better settle to go on Monday, what with packing and one thing and another. Yes, Monday let it be."

"Well, then, dear Lady Elwyn, and you too, Lucille, pray consider what is to be done about that poor child, Lucille. You say you are going up to town? When will you be moving—soon, do you think?"

"Oh, very soon—as soon, in fact, as Lucille is strong enough!" She says Friday; but I think we had better settle to go on Monday, what with packing and one thing and another. Yes, Monday let it be."

"Well, then, dear Lady Elwyn, and you too, Lucille, pray consider what is to be done about that poor child, Lucille. You say you are going up to town? When will you be moving—soon, do you think?"

the prosecution that he had been taken into a drinking place on the Strand during the night and jockeyed by the Parnellite trainers, if there be such persons. The Strand, as everybody knows, is no longer on the water's edge. A considerable city now lies between it and the Thames. It is as high and dry as Ararat. It is a thoroughfare of omnibuses, the principal passage of the West City of London in that section, and no more suggests the roar of waves or the casting up of the vegetation of the sea bottom than London Tower or Westminster Abbey.

Nevertheless this dialogue occurred:—

Cross-Examiner (in thunder tones)—Were you on the Strand last night?

Witness (promptly)—I was not.

Cross-Examiner (looking extermination into his eyes)—Were you in a house on the Strand last night?

Witness (looking very calm and collected)—I was not.

Cross-Examiner (lowering his voice into the hiss of a reptile)—Were you ever on the Strand?

Witness—I was.

Cross-Examiner (rubbing his hands with the glee of victory, and intimating that the fox was at last caught)—What were you doing on the Strand?

Witness (mechanically)—Gathering seaweed, your Honor.

There was a profound silence in the court room for a long and thrilling instant. Then smiles broke over the judges' countenances like touches of rising sun upon the gray crests of waves. The conviction of fun began spreading throughout the court room, and amid unrestrained peals of laughter, it was discerned that while the furious cross-examiner had been talking about the Strand of London the simple peasant in the witness box, who had never heard the name of a London street, and had arrived for the first time out of his native hamlet the previous day, was speaking of the strand of his little village, and was deeply puzzled to know how the wizened brain growling before him could have thought it was possible for him to have gone back there in ten hours for lodging and breakfast.—N. Y. Sun.

Good Marrying Weather.

A verdant-looking young couple appeared one day at the parsonage of an Eastern minister and the young man awkwardly explained that they wanted to be married. It was raining in torrents, as it had been doing all day. The candidates for matrimony had come in an open buggy, sheltered only by a single umbrella, and were so thoroughly drenched that it was necessary for them to dry their garments by the kitchen fire before the minister could proceed with the ceremony. When they reappeared he said:

"It's too bad you have such a rainy day."

"Well," said the bridegroom, with the well-marked nasal twang of a rural Yankee, "that's just exactly why we came. You see, it's pouring so hard we couldn't do nothin' else, so we jest thought that it was a good time to get married. Wouldn't have come if it'd been good plowin' weather."

He Didn't Understand It.

A Texas man was reading a newspaper account of the recent prize fight between Sullivan and Kilrain to a group of earnest listeners. Among the most interested listeners was an old frontiersman who continually interrupted the reader with such exclamations as:—"What! knocked him down again? You don't say he hit him in the chest? What! smashed him in the nose?" etc.

Finally, when another knock-down was scored against Kilrain, the frontiersman could control his indignation no longer, and called out in a frenzy of excitement:

"Where in the— was his gun? Didn't none of his friends have a gun?"—Texas Siftings.

Colonelistic Honor.

"Colonel, let me have a dollar for a few minutes."

"Can't do it, Colonel. I just borrowed one myself from my hostler."

"Well, that'll do."

"But I've done gone and spent it."

"All!"

"All but twenty cents."

"Well, let me have that."

"No, let's go in here and take one."

"I cannot go with you, Colonel, under the circumstances. You set 'em up the last time. As a man of honor I must return the favor. Let me have the money."

"Here, noble brother; take it."

Family Loyalty.

A Stevens avenue young lady was much pained and shocked as she walked down the street yesterday to see her young brother sitting astride the prostrate body of another boy and raining down blows upon his struggling victim.

"Johnny!" she almost screamed, "what are you doing? Come here this minute. Aren't you ashamed of yourself fighting this way in the street?"

The boy reluctantly arose from his vanquished antagonist and faced his indignant sister. Then he explained:

"Well, I don't care. He said you wasn't good looking, I don't think you are either, but it ain't none o' his funeral. So I licked him."

Interesting Muscle Reading.

You can tell pretty well how a girl feels toward you by the way she takes your arm. If she doesn't care a cent you know it by the difference of her muscles. If she has a great confidence in you the pressure tells it, and friendship is as distinct from love in that mode of expression as in words or looks. A woman can take the arm of a fellow she likes very much with perfect comfort, even if she is six feet high and he is four. But even if the two are just matched, she can make him feel disdain, contempt, dislike, anything she likes, by the way she does not hold on to

him. I am told there is a great deal of difference, too, between the way a girl fits her waist to one man's arm as compared with another, but I hardly believe it.



"AGE CANNOT WITHER HER."

remarked an old gentleman, as he gazed fondly upon the comely little woman by his side: "but frankly," he continued, "at one time I was afraid cosmetics would ruin you. I told you, in order to appear youthful, plastered her face with different varieties of white wash, yellow, red, green, and blue, and so on." "I did, until my skin became like parchment, and so simply and coarsely," "Well," said the listener, "What do you use now?" "I use," was the reply, "nothing but common sense and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Common sense means that if my blood was pure, liver active, appetite and digestion good, that the outward woman would take on the hue of health. The 'Discovery' did all these things and actually rejuvenated me. If you would possess a clear, beautiful complexion, free from blotches, pimples, eruptions, yellow spots and roughness, use the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' It is guaranteed to do that, that it is in or money paid for it will be promptly refunded."

Copyright, 1898, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

**\$500 OFFERED**

for an incurable case of **Cataract in the Head** by the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. By druggists, 50 cents.

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

**DIAMONDS.**

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

**GEO. E. TROREY**

Manufacturing Jeweler

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

**MANTEL**

**FOLDING BEDS**

SMALL ROOMS, PARLORS, DINING ROOMS, AND OFFICES.

It may be draped to suit any style of apartment in which it is placed, and made an admirable auxiliary to its furniture.

H. P. DAVIES & CO., 22 Church Street.

**PRICE \$10**

**Writes Easily 36 to 40 Words per Minute**

Simple, practical, durable typewriter. It never gets out of order. No instruction required. Can be carried, the steeple and used on the cars. All professional and business men need it. Call and see it, or send for circular, mentioning this ad. The **Typewriter Improvement Co., Boston, Mass.** and under same cover Dr. W. George Rees' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

**J. THEO. ROBINSON, Publisher**

**MONTREAL.**

Ask for them at your booksellers.

**PROF. & MME. HOUSEMAN**

(LATE OF WASHINGTON)

**Chiroprapist and Manicure**

228 YONGE STREET

Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Corns, etc., successfully treated. Skilful and superior treatment at moderate charges.

**NEW FICTION**

AT

**Marvellously Low Prices**

"How I Escaped," edited by the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," at 25 cents; "John Rodwin's Testimony," by Mary Halleck Foote, at 30 cents; and "The Battle of the Swans and the Capture of Canada," by Samuel Barton, and under same cover Dr. W. George Rees' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

**J. THEO. ROBINSON, Publisher**

**MONTREAL.**

Ask for them at your booksellers.

repeatedly.

Mrs. Elwyn's daughter.

When you see that the

that is the way to know

don't know that you

with a once more

Duke

Look

control the

make his

tion I feel

I know

I start in

"I-I-I"

a shiver.

"You

"Mr. Elwyn

wild hag

lips that

tell you,

would th

you belie

questio



## CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Shared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"Who was the man called Martin Langton?" repeated Duke Oldcastle.

Mrs. Uglow, with a cry of despair, fell back-wards upon her seat.

"Who told you," she gasped—"who told you that I knew? No, no!" she cried wildly, starting to her feet again. "I don't know—I don't know! It's a falsehood to say I do! I say I don't know who Martin Langton was—and with a moan she sank down upon her chair once more.

Duke put his hand upon her shoulder.

"Look here," he said sternly, trying to control the excitement which was beginning to make him tremble—"before I asked that question I felt pretty sure that you could answer it. I know now that you can. Once more—who is Martin Langton?"

"I dare not tell you," she muttered with a shiver.

"You shall!" declared Duke doggedly.

"Mr. Duke," cried the woman, raising her wild haggard face and forcing the words from lips that grew rigid and drawn, "if I were to tell you, you would not believe me—you would threaten to kill me, I think! How could you believe it," she cried, in a high-pitched, quivering voice, "when I could not when I read it, and can hardly believe it now?"

Duke let his hand drop from her shoulder and stepped back slowly. He had grown nearly as white as she; his heart was throbbing quickly; a feeling of apprehension of he knew not what made him turn faint and cold. What horror was it that he was approaching? He lost sight of everything now but his overwhelming desire to probe to the bottom and know the worst of this unknown awful thing. But he was not so dazed but that he quickly caught up her last words and turned them against her.

"When you read it," he said sharply. "Then you don't ask me to believe your word alone. When you read what?"

The woman seemed to have given up all hope of denial or resistance. With her clasped hands lying in her lap and her head drooping over them, she answered, in a dull resigned voice.

"The letter," she said. "What letter?"

"The letter Sir Guy wrote to my lady before he died."

"That my father wrote to my mother?" cried Duke, in unmeasured astonishment. "How did it fall into your hands?" he demanded.

"I stole it," she said. "You stole it! Good heavens! When? How?"

"From his hand when he was dying," muttered the housekeeper almost inaudibly.

There was silence for a moment. Duke said drawing his breath in deep gasps, trying to realize all this, to believe that it was true. Mrs. Uglow sat mute and motionless, waiting to be questioned. If her foster-son, looking at her bowed head with a new-born repugnance, moved a pace farther from her.

"So you stole this letter?" he said, harshly.

"What was your motive? How was it? Did you know of it at the time?"

"No," she said. "I returned to the housekeeper in the same muffled monotonous tone. 'And even I never saw it until the day before he died.'"

"Then," said Duke, sternly.

"I nursed him through his last illness, Mr. Duke," Mrs. Uglow made a movement of resignation, and, as though accepting the inevitable, went on steadily without any halt or break now, until he himself interrupted her.

"You were away at the time, but you must have heard that he had a letter at the time, and I knew his ways and understood him better than any hired, strange nurse could have done. You must have heard that he was steadily getting better when he suddenly took a turn for the worse. I knew it was for death, and I told my lady so. Sir Guy knew it, too, for he asked the doctor point blank, and he did not deny it. Death was so near that it was only a question of hours, and indeed in less than twenty-four hours after the change he was dead. It was as soon as he knew that he was dying and that there was no hope that I first knew of the letter. He was very weak—so weak that, when he signed to me that he wanted to speak, I had to bend my ear down to his lips to hear what it was he said. 'Are we quite alone in the room?' he asked me. I told him 'Yes.' Then he bade me take his keys from under his pillow, open his private cabinet—you know it, Mr. Duke—the invalid ebony one—unlock a certain drawer, press a little knob at the back of it, and bring him what I should find lying in the recess which would be exposed. I did as he told me. It was a large thick envelope. Before I gave it to him I looked, being curious, at what was written upon it. It was, 'My Legacy to my Wife.' I said nothing, of course. I gave it to Sir Guy, and he slipped it under his pillow as he lay. It was hardly out of sight when my lady came in. He signed to me to be silent, and I held my tongue."

"And then," she interrupted breathlessly.

"He was repelled and fascinated at once. Again he drew away from his foster-mother. What a diabolical duplicity was in this woman with her soft voice and gentle air of reverence!"

"My lady soon went out again—she was hardly ever in the room—Sir Guy could not bear to have her. I sat watching him. He began to wander presently; I knew the end was very near. I saw his hand groping under the pillow, trying to find the envelope. He drew it out, but his fingers were too weak to close properly over it. He had been muttering before, but not intelligibly—I had not understood what he said; I thought now that he looked as if he wanted to speak to me, but when I bent down I saw that he did not know me. He tried to clutch the envelope, and there was a gasp between each of his words. 'My legacy—Olivia,' he panted—'my legacy—and my revenge.' He had tried to raise himself as he said it, and he laughed; but the death rattle was in his throat, and he died as his head fell back upon the pillow. I took the packet from him, put it into my pocket, and went to the door of the ante-room and told the servants waiting there that it was all over—he was gone."

"If anything could have rendered more ghastly the death-scene she thus recalled, it would have been the dreadful composure with which she spoke. Duke strode across to the open window and stood there a moment or two, glad to breathe the warm pure air.

"Go on!" he said, returning. "What was your motive for stealing it?"

"Because I hated my lady!" cried Mrs. Uglow, with such vehemence, her eyes, in which glowed sullen vindictive passion.

"I had cause to hate her—bitter cause! She had scorned me, taunted me, insulted me a thousand times, treated me as though I were the dirt beneath her feet, torn only by the thought that she had never loved me as I loved her. She was ever more despised by his master than I was by my mistress! So I hated her then as I hate her now, and stole the paper from her husband's hand because I thought that through it I might have her in my power and have my revenge upon her!"

The vehement passion with which she spoke was like nothing that her listener had seen or heard before; he could only look at her. With only a pause for breath, she went on again, somewhat less violently.

"I thought it because I knew, and had known for years, that there was some secret between them—some fatal cause of division that no one else suspected. When I have heard

Sir Guy Oldcastle spoken of as the most indulgent and obedient of husbands, when I knew that people laughed to see how entirely his handsome wife ruled him and how submissive he was to her every fancy and caprice, I have laughed to myself, knowing what an utter mistake it was, and that there were times when the wife trembled when her husband looked at her. I have seen her tremble, and she has known that I have seen her. If I have hated her, she has feared me. Sir Guy called the packet his revenge, and I stole it that it might also be mine."

"And read it?" Duke demanded.

"No; my courage failed me—I did not dare, although I tried many times. I should have done so," she put out her hand timidly toward him, but let it fall again without touching him—"oh, my dear, I should have done so but for you! I feared it might do you harm—I don't know what I feared—I never seemed to remember how entirely it was my secret and that I could burn it. I did not read it, but kept it locked away."

Duke pushed the fair hair from his damp forehead; with his drawn haggard face, he bore little resemblance to the pictured laughing handsome boy smiling down upon the scene with unconscious lips.

"You have confessed that. Let me see it," he said.

"Mr. Duke," murmured the woman imploringly—"let me see it, I say!"

"Once for all, let me see it!"

"Passion blazed in his eyes and vibrated in his voice; the movement of his hand was menacing. She yielded; slowly she unlocked the brass-bound desk and took the packet from it. As he snatched it she caught his hand in both her own beseechingly.

"My dear, my dear," she cried, despairingly, "you have made me do this! But, when you have read it, when you know the dreadful truth, think before you do anything. I could not burn it—for your sake, I could not; but I could not take it to your mother. I have always meant to do it. I thought of you and tried, but I could not; I have been tortured, maddened, by wondering what I should do, ever since I read it. Oh, my dear, think when you have read it, too!"

Duke flung away her clinging fingers, and with a trembling hand drew out the papers. He lifted them, let them fall again, and looked at the white face before him.

"Will this," he said, "tell me who Martin Langton was?"

"Tell me first—I have no patience to wait to read. I should never have come here at all, I think, if I had known what horror was before me; but I must go through with it now or lose my reason. Quick—who was he?"

The woman put her lips to his ear, recoiled with a shudder and a cry, and sank down upon a chair, burying her haggard face in her hands.

"I can't tell you!" she gasped inarticulately.

"I can't tell you!" read it, since you have forced it from me, and see why your father called it his revenge!"

With his temples throbbing, with his heart again beating suffocatingly as it had beaten just before, with a rushing sound in his ears, Duke Oldcastle looked from the papers in his hand to the housekeeper's covering figure and back again confusedly; his hands were cold, his whole body was chilled. Then he drew a chair towards him, sat down, and with shaking fingers spread the contents of the yellow envelope out before him. The larger part lay uppermost—the sheets of foolscap that were covered with close plain writing—his father's writing.

The young man shuddered as he looked at it—it was ghastly, horrible somehow. With his lips twitching nervously as his eyes traveled down the page, Duke Oldcastle read his dead father's legacy to his living mother.

"How many years will it be, Olivia, before you read this? I ask myself the question I write it. How many years will it be before you take it, as I am resolved you shall, from my dying hand? You will comprehend my silence then—the silence which no torture ever invented should have forced me to break against my will; you will understand the purpose which I have kept in view unflinchingly since I first knew you as you are, and since you knew that you had no secret from me."

"I have one regret as I write this—it is the one point in my past life, I am sorry to say, that I shall not be able to watch your face when you read it—the face that was once to me the dearest, purest, and fairest that the universe contained. How I loved you! Bah—shall I let the memory of my old blindness, my past life, come back to me now—me, who have been wise and open-eyed so long? But how blind I was to marry you, believing dotingly, unquestioningly—ay, ready to stake my life had I been asked—that you gave me love for love and heart for heart!"

"I smile to myself as I think how you will look when you read this. You must have tortured yourself with such questions, you must have spent such hours of impotent, helpless agony, wondering how I found out your secret! Do I not know it? There has not been a day since which you have suffered, Olivia, which I have not seen and exulted over. How did I find out your secret? Read on, and you will know."

"When I married you, Olivia—when, after the brief passionate courtship that I paid to you, I won your consent to my wifehood, I heard Martin Langton's name—the name of the man whose recklessness and profligacy had even then been his ruin. The poor proud relatives with whom you lived, jealous of your beauty, envious perhaps that you should win me, a wealthy and titled husband, did not fail to let me know, with all the venom which a woman's spite can give, that he too had paid court to you, and to insinuate that you had loved him. But they said no more and suspected no more. Disinherited as I was, I was not equal to the outrage of an eyelid had won and deserted you, and that you had borne him a child—the child who, when you read this will bear my title and name!"

"There is a weak link in every chain; there was a weak spot in the armor of deception in which you had encased yourself, and, all unsuspecting, my hands found it. If you had not kept Martin Langton's letters to you, Olivia—if he had not sent back to you the letters in which you implored him to do you justice before your child should be born, and declare the false marriage by which he had deceived you—you thought it real, I suppose, but perhaps the pretence was one of the many lies which come so glibly from your lips—I should never have known of the black gulf of shame and dishonor into which you plunged me. I found the letters and read them, and I knew what a betrayed, credulous fool I was!"

"What would most men have done, I wonder, in such a strait as mine? Have thrust from

their doors perhaps the wife who had betrayed them and made a waste and ruin of their lives. Bah—a poor revenge and commonplace, within the reach of all—a vengeance to be wreaked by the vilest fool! It was not subtle, not torturing enough for me, and it would not have freed me from the stain which bound me to you as your husband. I desired to retaliate by some slower and more merciless process than by proclaiming your shame. I wished to live and see you suffer, and I found out the way. For some favored me. If we had not been staying, with foreign servants, ourselves utterly unknown, in that lonely old Swiss chateau at the foot of the Alps, I could never have carried out my plan without fear of detection and betrayal. But for that, I could never have found out Martin Langton's child and yours, and brought it to you. Do you recall, as you read this, Olivia, how I set it down before you, with the few words to which I have never since added a syllable, and how, as I turned away and left you, you fell swooning to the floor?"

"That was the revenge that I resolved upon. I forced you to acknowledge Martin Langton's child as yours; I resolved to acknowledge it as mine, because I knew well that I should thus inflict upon you a more ingenious torture than any other I could have devised. I knew your pride, I knew that, as the child was the embodiment of your shame and your betrayal, you could never look upon him without hating him for the stain which his very existence brought upon you. For myself, what did I care? It was but an additional misery to me to know that you would soon be the mother of a child of mine, although I had never realized the fullness of my agony until I saw you with that child in your arms."

"It was seeing how passionately you loved that child, Olivia, which first clearly suggested to me the shape which my final just revenge should take. No words can depict the joy with which I saw that child, the very existence of which I saw that you loved me. Every moment of your life avenged my wrong doubly and trebly, more completely than I had ever hoped. I had suffered one agony, and could punish its inflictor. Yours were ever fresh, and you were helpless."

"When I brought Martin Langton's child to you, I knew that you would never, for your own sake, dare to repudiate it—I knew that you would never tell the truth, having before your eyes the fear that I should in turn make public your secret and your shame. There is one thing that you love better even than you love your child and mine, and that is yourself and your reputation in the eyes of the world. So I did it—I forced you to acknowledge Martin Langton's child, knowing that you would never dare the protest of even a word. I was so careful, so subtle, our long absence from England and from all who knew us favored my plot so well, that to this day is there one who for an instant doubts that Guy Oldcastle, my heir, is in very truth my son!"

"How must you have wondered! What silent agony must have been yours! I might have spoken, but that was no part of my plan. No; I had resolved upon silence—you should suffer, you should fear me, you should not dare to speak. You tried once, as I thought you would. Do you remember it? I answered you by a look, and you shrank away, shuddering, covering before me, as though you feared that I might write words which would tell the truth of your face. It has been one of the sweetest comforts of my agony to know how abjectly you feared me."

"I have played my part well, have I not? From the day when I first knew you as you were, man and woman never lived more sweetly underdressed than we. Before the world I have been your most devoted, your most deferential and submissive husband, have I not? The ghastlier the face I played and forced you to play, the keener your suffering and the sweeter the daily measure of my revenge. It has amused me to hear how the world spoke of our relations, to hear myself good-humoredly laughed at for being your slave, the willing servant of your every caprice and fancy, and to know that you were at my mercy. Have you ever sat in my presence without shrinking if my eyes were turned towards you? Have I ever spoken to you when we have been alone that you have not sickened with dread of what my next words might be? Never—until I knew that a revenge like this would have satisfied most men, but it did not satisfy me! Read the paper enclosed with this, if you have not read it first, and you will know what a bolt my dead hand shall still have power to launch against you."

"Could anything have been devised to torture you more subtly, Olivia, than the making of this, my last will, phrased as I have phrased it? There is not a word in it that will not pierce through your love and through your pride, through your shame and through your hope. It places power in your hands, Olivia, but power which, if you dare to use it, shall crush you. You hate Martin Langton's son, the son who bears my name and whom the will of my lawyer's hands—which will be proved unless you dare to use this, and which was made with intention while I had this in view—makes absolute heir of all that I could bequeath to him. You love my son, whom it leaves with a more despotic power than you have over him. Prove this second will, which makes Marmaduke the heir of all and states the reason why, or be silent, and endure the agony of seeing the son you hate in the position from which it is your power to remove him only by proclaiming what you are and humiliating yourself to the very dust."

"To me, as I write this, it matters little which you do, knowing that I have rendered your continued suffering so sure. Be to me as equally indifferent. The knowledge that you are the mother of both has been amply sufficient to make me hate both. To me they are the mere puppets through which I avenge myself for the misery and degradation of a life. Once more, I say, the choice lies with you. Do nothing and still I have my revenge!"

(To be Continued.)

Doctor Coffin—Well, Mrs. Hardy, how is your husband this morning?

Mrs. Hardy—I'm sorry to say, Doctor, there is no improvement either way.—Pick-Me-Up.

Anxious to Please.

Mrs. Youngbridge—I hope you will model your conduct upon that of Mr. Oldboy. He is a paragon of husbands. Why, he tells his wife everything that happens.

"I'll do better than that, my dear; I'll tell you lots of things that never happen."

# Good morning

## HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?

A Wise Mother.  
Daughter (who is engaged)—Mother, John is coming to tea to-night. Let me make him some cakes.  
Mother—Not for the world, my dear, unless you have an intention of suing him for breach of promise.

A Wrong Inference.  
"There," said Jones to his wife as the humorous poet of the *Weekly Clarion* passed them, "there's a fellow that's got a head on him."  
"Dear me, John," replied Mrs. Jones, "I thought Mr. Idell was a strict temperance man."

An Apt Quotation.  
"What are you doing?" asked Gazzam, as McCrackle tore off the wrapper of his copy of *Punch*.  
"Opening the chestnut burr."

I X L STEAM LAUNDRY  
42 Richmond Street West  
GENTS' WASHING OUR SPECIALTY

DELIVERY TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.  
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN. Also Freckles, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Liver Discolorations. Golden Cream for the complexion and hands. Address, with stamps, for sealed particulars, ART TOILET CO., 4 West 14th St., New York. Established 1869.

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCTIONS

CELEBRATED PAINTINGS

SOULE PHOTO. CO. OF BOSTON

The Crown Perfumery Co's  
DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME  
**CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS**  
(REGISTERED)  
EXTRA CONCENTRATED  
"A delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced."—*Court Journal*.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
177 NEW BOND ST. LONDON.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

EMPLOYMENT

DO YOU WANT TO COME TO TORONTO?

There are Hundreds of Good Situations open for GENERAL SERVANTS, HOUSEMAIDS, COOKS, etc. Write for particulars to 'NEWS' EMPLOYMENT BUREAU 561 Queen St. West, Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

A Luxuriant Growth Of Hair

May be obtained by the continued use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. \*\*A few years ago my hair began to turn gray, and, a short time after, fell out so freely that I became nearly bald. Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulated a new growth of hair, and of the original color. I have applied the Vigor, occasionally, since that time, and my hair is now strong and abundant.—Ira D. Kennah, Utica, N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the scalp disease, and my hair was weak and thin. The use of five bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor cured my scalp, and gave me a luxuriant head of soft black hair.—Mrs. E. H. Foster, Lynn, Mass.

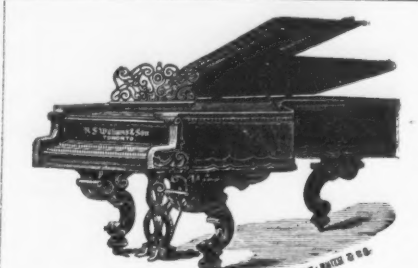
Ayer's Hair Vigor, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Scrofulous Affections

Humors originate in the blood, which, when vitiated, carries disease to every tissue and fibre of the body. Ayer's Sarsaparilla eradicates all traces of the scrofulous taint from the system.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, and know that it is a reliable specific for Scrofula. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, and honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine compounded.—W. F. Flower, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.50.



40 years' record of honorable dealing  
40 years before an intelligent public  
40 years' loyalty to our patrons  
40 years or liberal and equitable methods  
40 years manufacturers and dealers

R. S. Williams & Son

143 Yonge Street, Toronto

JOHN FLETCHER

IRON AND STEEL WORK

ROOFS, GIRDERS, BEAMS, STAIRS, COLUMNS

Office: 530 Yonge Street, Toronto

BARRETT & CO.

Real Estate and Commercial Exchange

TELEPHONE 897

18 Yonge St. Arcade Toronto, Ont.

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank

HEASLIP & PIERCE

ASPLENDID CHANCE

WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS "SATURDAY NIGHT"

WORLD TYPEWRITER

For \$10, cash with order. The price of the Typewriter alone is \$10. See advertisement of this machine another column.

PROF. DAVIDSON

Chiropractor and Manicure

71 Yonge St., cor. King



## Camping Supplies

Telephone 844 for  
Cheapest Canned Meats, Fish and Fruits. Finest Wines  
Liquors constantly on hand.  
Discount of 5 per cent. on orders of \$10 or over.

## MARSLAND & KENNEDY FAMILY GROCERS

313 King St. West - Toronto

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

The Old and Popular Rail Route to  
MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO  
And all Principal Points in

## CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

It is positively the only line from Toronto running the  
celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor  
Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.  
For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information  
apply at the city ticket offices.  
P. J. SLATTERY, City Passenger Agent,  
Corner King and Yonge streets and 20 York street, Toronto.  
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

## ANCHOR LINE ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE

Liverpool via Queenstown

## GLASGOW SERVICE

Steamers every Saturday to Glasgow and  
Londonderry.

For Rates, Plans and all information, apply to  
M. D. Murdoch & Co.  
AGENTS, 62 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

## The Cunard S.S. Line

In patronized by Toronto's  
**BEST SOCIETY**  
Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed  
A. F. WEBSTER  
Sole Agent 56 Yonge St

## TAYLOR & CO.

ART TAILORS  
120½ WEST KING ST.  
OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE ENTRANCE.

Perfect Workmanship and Correct Style  
of Dress for Gentlemen's Wear at Reasonable  
Prices. Personal attention given to all patrons  
by our Mr. Charles M. Taylor.

FRANK L. SANAGAN & CO.  
THE NOBBY TAILORS  
241 YONGE STREET

## McCAUSLAND & SON'S SUPERIOR

STAINED GLASS AND WALL  
PAPER  
72 TO 76 KING STREET WEST  
TORONTO  
TELEPHONE 1112

Trunks and Valises  
SACHELS and PURSES  
Best Goods. Lowest Prices  
C. C. POMEROY  
49 King Street West TORONTO

## 55 CENTS

The small purchase amounting to five-  
fifty-five cents, for which a numbered  
receipt or voucher is given, may win the  
prize of the watch worth one thousand  
dollars—\$1000. Americans as well as Cana-  
dians will please note the fact. This said  
watch is the finest in America as a mecha-  
nical work of art. Send for circulars.

## RUSSELL'S

9 King Street West, Toronto

HARRY WEBB, 477 Yonge St.  
TORONTO

## JAS. COX & SON

83 Yonge Street

## PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

## ICE CREAM PARLOR NOW OPEN

Pies and Parties Supplied  
with Cream and Cakes.  
Try our Snowflake  
Homemade  
Bread.

**CARRICK'S**  
New Store  
Cor. Yonge and  
Edward Sts.,  
and 160 Bay St.  
WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY  
Telephone—Yonge St., 1615; Bay St. 577

**MEDLAND & JONES**  
Agents Scottish Union, Norwich Union, Accident Insurance.  
McClellan Building, Toronto. Telephone 1667

## F. W. MICKLETHWAITE PHOTOGRAPHER

Out-door Views, Photo Engraving, Photographing on  
Zinc, Commercial Photography, Life-Size Gelatino-Bromide  
Enlargements, Photographing on Wood by Meadows' Pro-  
cess.

40 Jarvis Street, Toronto

Mr. HAMILTON MCCARTHY, A.R.C.A., Sculptor  
Has removed to commodious premises on the ground floor  
of New Buildings on Lombard Street, immediately opposite  
Postoffice.

## SUNBEAMS

ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer  
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West  
Photographs of all sizes  
Sunbeams \$1 per doz.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses  
Court House, Adelaide Street  
and 138 Carlton Street

A. B. McBRIDE, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &c.  
Room C. 16 Victoria street, Toronto.  
Money to loan

JOHN P. MILL  
Watchmaker and Jeweler  
Watches and Wedding Rings a specialty. Special attention  
to all kinds of Repairing  
445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave., Toronto.

## THE HUB CAFE And MERCHANTS' LUNCH COUNTER

First-class in every respect. A specialty is the choice  
butter and the best meats procurable. All the delicacies of  
the season and prompt attendance. Private dining-room  
up-stairs. Reading and smoking rooms attached.  
12 Colborne St., W. R. BINGHAM, PROP.

M. McCONNELL -  
46 and 48 King Street East.  
Commendador Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family  
trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moot and Chan-  
don 'White Seal,' George Goulet and other leading brands  
of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always  
in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

## THE JEWELL RESTAURANT Jordan Street

This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has  
recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.  
Reading and smoking rooms.

HENRY MORGAN - Proprietor

## Grand Opera Sample Room

The choicest lines of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.  
FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in connection.

D. SMALL, Proprietor.

## CONFEDERATION Life Association TORONTO.



"HIS VOICE!"

Bronze Medal 1884.—GOLD MEDALIST.—Gold Medal 1885  
**OSTRICH FEATHER DYERS**  
The most reliable place in the City to have Broken and  
Defective Feathers Re-made into Handsome Feathers, Pom-  
Poms, Aligettes and Mounts. Feathers Shaded or Dyed in  
the Latest French Styles and Colors.  
TIERNEY & BUTLER, 90 Bay Street (west side,  
near Wellington) Toronto.

## MISS PLUMMER MODISTE

57 GLOUCESTER STREET  
THE MAGIC SCALE  
Best system of cutting ladies' and children's garments.  
HALL'S BAZAAR DRESS FORMS  
For draping dresses. Adjustable to any measure.  
MISS CHUBB, 426 1-2 Yonge St.

## MRS. MILLER

(LATE OF 100 YONGE ST.)  
Modiste, Dress and Mantle Maker  
HAS REMOVED TO  
267 SPADINA AVENUE  
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS  
Ontario Academy, 47 Phoebe Street  
Careful tuition and training for commercial life or the  
various professions. Private tuition for students in the evening. Send for  
prospectus. R. W. DILLON, M.A., Principal.

## DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS

We have removed to 50½ Yonge Street, to more commodi-  
ous premises, where we are prepared to fill all orders for  
cleaning carpets without taking them up. We also take  
up and relay carpets where it is necessary. Toronto  
Carpet and Floor Men Co.

## The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd.

OFFICE: 72 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO  
\$500,000 to loan on Mortgages—small and large  
sums. Reasonable rates of interest  
and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.  
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

## H. & C. Blatchford

NEW, ELEGANT AND POPULAR  
American Boots and Shoes  
AND  
EVENING SLIPPERS  
In all Varieties, Sizes  
and Widths now on  
hand.

WE HAVE OPENED UP OUR IM-  
MENSE Stock of Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes.  
328 YONGE STREET  
THOMAS MOFFATT  
FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES  
A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class  
195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO  
THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ABERNETHY HALL.  
LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY  
Examinations, Oral or Written.  
MRS. MENDON, 228 McCaul Street.

## F. H. SEFTON DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's  
Dry Goods Store  
OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY  
Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections.  
Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to  
modern dentistry practiced.

CHAS. P. LENNOX  
Yonge Street Arcade - Room B  
Telephone 1846

## TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, \$8.00. Vitalized air for painless  
extraction. Telephone 1476  
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

## C. V. SNELGROVE

Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto  
New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns  
a specialty. Telephone 3631

## MR. HIPKINS DENTIST

No. 12 CARLTON STREET

## ED. E. FARRINGER PROFESSOR OF MUSIC

58 Homewood Avenue  
Instruction given on Piano, Violin, Cornet, etc.  
Summer term commences July 1.

HENRI DE BESSE  
(From Paris and Stuttgart Conservatories of Music,  
late Professor at New York Conservatory of Music) will  
receive pupils for Violin or Piano at special summer  
term, from June 20 to August 31. Pupils commencing  
now will be retained through the entire season at summer  
term prices. No lessons given in classes. Address at resi-  
dence, 129 Bloor Street East, 3 doors from Jarvis Street;  
or Claxton's Music Store, 197 Yonge Street.

## MR. J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the  
Ontario Ladies' College, Whilby.  
Organ, Piano and Harmony  
94 Gloucester Street

## A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL CONSERVATORY, LEIPZIG)

Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist  
Church, Toronto, teacher of  
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory  
at the Toronto College of Music  
Residence 305 Jarvis Street

## PERCY V. GREENWOOD

Organist All Saints' Church, Teacher of Music. Three  
manual organ for practice. Address 239 Sherbourne street.  
Telephone 1775

## ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

This school is conducted on the principle that only first-  
class tuition can overcome the many constitutional defects  
which mar the musical education of the average pupil,  
therefore we employ no cheap teachers. We guarantee  
thorough work from the lowest to the highest grade, and  
are patronized by the best families in the city. The popu-  
larity of our method is on the increase, also the number of  
persons who profess to teach the same. Our method is the  
result of thirty years' practical work on the part of the  
principal, and can not be applied successfully, even by the  
best of teachers, unless they have received practical in-  
struction from us. Therefore the only way to insure the  
full benefit of our method is to come to the Ontario College  
of Music. A summer term as usual. C. FARRINGER.

## TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

AND ORCHESTRAL AND ORGAN SCHOOL  
Fall Term (2nd Year) Commences Sep-  
tember 5, '89

Thorough instruction in every branch of music—vocal,  
instrumental, theoretical—by the most eminent teachers in  
Canada. Complete 3 manual organ in college, and largest  
church organ in Province for lessons and practice. Or-  
chestra of 60 and chorus of 250 accessible to students. Diplo-  
mas, prizes, scholarships and certificates granted. Lec-  
tures, concerts, recitals and violin class free.  
Send for prospectus giving full particulars.  
F. H. TORRINGTON, Director,  
12 and 14 Pembroke Street.

## TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

GOVERNMENT  
CHARTER.  
HON. G. W. ALLAN - PRESIDENT.

1000 Total Attendance first 2 years.  
All branches taught.—Instrumental and Vocal music;  
Education, Language, Scholarships, certificates, diplo-  
mas. Free Theory, Violin, Concerts and Lectures.  
Next Fall, organ students, besides the use of several  
complete church organs, can have lessons, practice and  
recitals upon a GRAND CONCERT ORGAN, built  
expressly for the Conservatory, in Association Hall.

SUMMER NORMAL TERM, July 8 to Aug. 20.  
FALL TERM OPENS Sept. 5. Send for free  
Calendar. Address: EDWARD FISHER, Director,  
cor. Yonge St. and Wilton Ave., Toronto.

## BRITISH AMERICAN ARCADE, YONGE ST. TORONTO.

The oldest and most reli-  
able of its kind  
in the Dominion.  
In all subjects pertai-  
ning to a business educa-  
tion thoroughly taught by  
able and experienced teachers.  
C. O'DEA, Secretary.

## J. W. L. FORSTER ART STUDIO - 81 King St. East

JUST RECEIVED FROM EUROPE

## GENUINE SPANISH GUITARS

The best guitars in the world for volume and purity of  
tone.

## CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE

197 Yonge Street. Telephone 239  
Branch Store - 63 King Street West

## WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

MUSIC DEALERS  
283 Yonge St., Toronto

## "IMPERIAL" CORNETS

The best in the world, as used by  
MESSRS. CLARKE and BAUGH  
Canada's greatest cornet soloist and  
endorsed by JULES LEVY.  
Everything in the music line and  
at the right price. All the latest  
publications in stock. Publishers of  
the Canadian Musician.

## New Sacred Songs

GARDEN OF PRAYER—F and G  
By VERNON REV

KING DAVID'S LAMENT—D and F  
By FRANK SWIFT.

Price 50 Cents Each  
TORONTO

## EDWIN ASHDOWN

89 Yonge Street, and London, Eng.  
Charles Brown,  
Nos. 33 and 38  
KING ST. WEST.  
Copies 25c.  
Carriages 50  
Telephone 128.

On Thurs-  
day night  
large and  
Opera House  
The affair was  
ever given  
not be given  
Maud Star  
Williams  
ton as N  
mention, v



## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Pitman, the father of modern shorthand, will be unveiled by Mrs. G. W. Ross.

Mr. Joseph Pim of Toronto and Messrs. T. C. Keefe and F. W. Powell of Ottawa were registered at the Windsor, Montreal, last week.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, the well known Canadian literature, is spending a portion of his holidays at Southampton on Lake Huron. The Dr. promises us ere long a spicy article for the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT.

Mr. and Mrs. Rosalind Northcott leave on Saturday per s. s. Umbria, Cunard Line, for a trip to England and the continent.

Mr. Percy Schofield has sold his half interest in the yacht Molly to Mr. Allan McNole, the latter being now the sole owner.

Miss Lizzie Mackey, of Muscatine, Iowa, who has been spending a month's vacation with her aunt, Mrs. William Ryan of Isabella street, has left for home by way of Montreal.

The following guests are summering at Stanley House, Lake Joseph, Muskoka: Mr. and Mrs. Ross of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brown of Toronto, Rev. A. and Miss Sanson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. S. Robinson and family, Rev. A. and Miss Stewart, Mr. Thomas Dallas and Miss Dallas of Oshawa, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. O'Meara and Mr. Green of Toronto, Miss O'Mara and Miss Dallas of Oshawa, Miss McKellean of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Lee and family of Chicago, Miss M. Allen of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Mr. J. B. Maccham, Miss Maccham, Miss Edna Maccham and Miss Crawford of Toronto, Mr. C. B. Patterson of Oakville, Mr. G. Lindsay of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Allen of the Misses Allen and Miss Atterbury of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. McKellean and Miss Thelma McKellean of Hamilton, Mr. S. Frank Wilson, Masters Murray and Leslie Wilson of Toronto, Rev. R. W. E. and Mrs. Greene and Mr. Richard and Miss Hazel Greene of Oshawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Levey are on a trip to the Lower Provinces, visiting Kingston, Thousand Islands, Ottawa and Montreal en route.

Miss Isabel Henderson of Montreal is spending her vacation with Miss Mills of Peterborough.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Hatch and family of Grand street are spending the summer at the seaside, Ocean Grove, N. J.

Messrs. Fred. Morphy, H. E. Howell, A. P. Taylor and W. A. Hunter of the Wanderers' Bicycle Club left this a. m. to spend two weeks in Muskoka.

If persons coming back to town would send us notice we should be pleased to publish it in this column and thereby let their friends know of their return.

## Out of Town.

BARRE.

The town has been quite gay lately, and judging from the numerous visitors constantly staying here with friends, it is to be believed that Barre is one of the favorite and most attractive places north of Toronto. Peninsular Park Hotel and Robinson's have nearly as many guests as it is possible to accommodate, and all seem pleased and charmed with the hotels and surroundings. It is rumored that weekly will be given, the first one to take place Monday, August 12.

Mr. John Ardagh of Blythe Cottage gave an A. H. one last week. A great many were present and had a most delightful time.

Mrs. Vansittart invited a number of friends on Friday afternoon, July 26, for a sail around the lake on the steamer Enterprise. The few hours passed most pleasantly for all on board.

The steamer returned to the wharf at 9 p. m. Mr. Morris, manager of the Bank of Commerce, returned home last Tuesday after enjoying three months on the continent, and looking much benefited by the voyage.

Mr. Geo. E. E. ten arrived home recently from Bermuda, where he spent a few weeks with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Mason and the Misses Mason have returned from a month's visit in Toronto.

Miss Cotter has gone to visit friends in Brockville.

Mr. W. D. B. Sperry left on Saturday for Detroit where he intends spending a week or two.

Mr. Norman Thacker of Kingston has been the guest of Mr. Wm. Campbell of Boulderfield.

Mr. Taos. R. B. is spending his holidays in Guelph.

Mrs. L. D. Baatty and son left for Cobourg last Thursday to spend a month. OCULARIA.

INGERSOLL.

Miss Uquhart of Toronto is visiting Miss Maggie O'Neill.

Mrs. Croil of Toronto, who has been visiting Mrs. J. C. B. Galer, has returned home.

Mr. M. Walsh and D. White, Jr., are rusticating at Beauharnois, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hyler and daughter have gone to New Westminster, B. C., on a two months' holiday trip.

The following gentlemen leave on Thursday for Sault Ste. Marie: Fred O'Grady, James Gayler, Chas. White and Arthur B. Lee.

Messrs. Jas. Vance and Geo. H. White leave next week for Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Sydney-Smith of Stratford are visiting the Misses O'Grady.

Miss Ada Ferguson left on Tuesday on a visit to Miss Scott of Sarnia.

Miss Aggie Nicholson of Hamilton, who will be remembered in connection with the St. George disaster, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. W. Murdoch.

Mrs. Soper of London is on a visit to Mrs. T. E. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hegler left on Saturday for Winnipeg via Port Arthur.

Mr. H. C. R. Walker leaves next month for Muskoka.

Mr. G. Wells, ledger keeper in the Merchants' Bank, has secured a situation with Robert White & Co. of Montreal, and will shortly leave for his new home. He is a good athlete and a prominent member of the Athletic Club, and very popular, and will be greatly missed. Fred O'Grady will take the ledger, and Fred Bell of the Traders' will fill Mr. O'Grady's place.

GODERICH.

On Thursday, July 25, Robertson's four act comedy entitled School was presented to a large and fashionable audience in the Grand Opera House here by a party of local amateurs. The affair was the most successful of its kind ever given here, and too much praise cannot be given those who took part. Miss Maud Start as Mrs. Sutcliffe, Miss Sophie Williams as Bella, and Miss Bessie Chilton as Naomi Tighe are worthy of special mention, while Mr. R. G. Reynolds as

## A Tonsorial Jag.



Mr. Lexington Madison—Where did you get your hair?  
Mr. Windsor Tye—That beastly barber put bay rum on my face this mawning.—Puck.

Dr. Sutcliffe and Mr. Malcomson as Beau Farintosh, also correctly filled the characters named. Besides those named, the following ladies and gentlemen made up the cast: Messrs. C. W. Andrews, W. A. Murray, J. Kidd and T. Chilton, Miss A. Chilton, Miss Flo Horton, Miss Kilbourn of Owen Sound, Miss Smith, Miss Florence Doyle, Miss Port, Miss Winnie Hall, Miss Mary Doyle. The proceeds went in aid of St. Peter's (R.C.) church.

## SOUTHAMPTON.

This beautiful summer resort is alive with visitors from Toronto, Brantford, Guelph, Dundas, Glencoe, Walkerton, etc. A number are stopping at the Central Hotel. The contingent from Walkerton occupy six large tents pitched near Huron's shore where the tired brain and pale cheek may revive and the heart grow young wooed by the health-laden breezes of the lake. The following are some of the dwellers in tents all hailing from Walkerton: Judge and Mrs. Barrett and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Klein and daughter, Miss Wallace, Miss Louise Klein, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stovel, the Misses Stovel, Mr. and Mrs. D. Robertson and family, Mr. and Mrs. McNamara and daughter, Mrs. McCollins, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Shaw, Dr. Chas. McNamara, Mrs. C. S. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kilmer, Messrs. W. and A. Shaw, T. Atwood and J. Huyke.

At the Central Hotel are registered Miss Sutton of Walkerton, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Belcher and son of Toronto, the Misses Rose, Edith, Jessie and M. L. Gansby of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. N. Robertson, Miss May Robertson, Miss Trill and Mr. Thomas O'Hagan of Walkerton; the Misses Brooke of Brantford.

Last Saturday evening an improvised concert was given in the parlour of the hotel, at which the guests of the house were present. The programme was made up of recitations with vocal and instrumental music. Mrs. N. Robertson and Mr. O'Hagan were the principal contributors to the entertainment.

Miss Kerr of Walkerton and Miss Simpson of Glencoe are visiting Mrs. A. Sinclair.

Very Rev. Dean O'Connell of Walkerton has been visiting Conductor Carey during the past week.

Mrs. Bowman of Waterloo is visiting with her son, Mr. C. M. Bowman.

The Misses Adair of Toronto are the guests of Rev. A. Tolmie.

Mr. McNeill and Mr. O'Hagan contributed to the programme of entertainment which was given a few days ago at Chippewa Hill.

Miss Doty of Ingersoll is visiting her brother, Mr. D. Doty.

The two young ladies who arrived last from Walkerton are the handsomest among our tourists.

Look out for the hop to be held next Thursday evening, in the Town Hall. SYLVIA.

## Paris Fashions.

There are turns of the wheel of fashion for which one may be thankful; one in particular I note and that is the ingenious arrangement of steels at the back of the skirt which are crossed instead of put one above the other—a good hang is certain, and as skirts were arranged at the commencement of the season no stylish tourist could be effected. Skirts to hang well require a full petticoat, and as far as the knee, and then set in a full drape of straight widths, and to be fashionable it is necessary that the dress hang straight, especially at the sides, but it does not require it to cling to the limbs.

How few ladies can bear regular clinging skirts! I note this because the cloth dresses so fashionable, unless held well in the back over wires fall limp and are abominably uncomfortable to the wearer. I will floral garbure continue so popular? I asked at Worth's and was informed it would be used upon winter and fall dresses, but catlyea orchids in chenille, costly affairs, supercede roses and smaller flowers. Chrysanthemums and orchids will never be overdone or become common, and will be much esteemed for their beauty, but the robe ornamentation. Bunches of violets that were perched in front of hat trimmings are no more, and a bunch which cost twenty francs in the spring can be found on the cheap counters of any shop for a sixpence because unfashionable and too common. Everybody may wear what suits herself, but only slender, graceful figures appear well in foulders or draping silks, and certainly young misses here studied well the fact that mouseline de-laine, printed cambrics, sheer and fine, or any silk muslins are made absolutely for their use, and plaited mouseline-de-chiffon cloud, gauze, like spider's webbing, just the thing for draperies. The new gray pean de soie "has a dull gloss like leather, and big black and white checks with fancy silk vests will be worn for seaside costumes. As for hats, the crocheted straw through which the hair is seen, flat to the head, are the most desirable and especially becoming to the modish hair. Floured bareness of the crown, each and all containing money orders for our dances and music. "Ripple," "Jersey," "La Frolique," "La Bronce," "Grotte Lancers." Orders have been received from the following places (letters on view to any doubting Thomas):

New York City, Springfield, Ill., Washington, D. C., Auburn, N. Y., St. Paul, Minn., Brooklyn, N. Y., Pittsburgh, Pa., St. Paul, Minn., New York, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., Minneapolis, Minn., Rochester, N. Y., Cleveland, Ohio, Middleburg, Mich., Ogdenburg, N. Y., Altoona, Pa., Grand Rapids, Mich., Buffalo, N. Y., Baltimore, Md., Boston, Mass., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., San Jose, Cal., Denver, Col., Lowell, Mass., Cincinnati, O., Galveston, Texas, Fall River, Mass., Cleveland, O., and many other places too numerous to mention. We shall resume instruction early in September at our TRAINING SCHOOL AND ACADEMY, 91 WILTON AVE. Established 1880. PROF. J. F. DAVIS.

with a spray of ivy in diamonds and a large jeweled butterfly of antique design among the numerous presents. The under linen was trimmed with rare Valenciennes lace, and two little deshabilles, or morning gowns, made of silk and lace, one pink, the other white, each trimmed with bows of lace and marabout feathers. The leading lady at the house of Felix showed me in a confidential manner a white tulle dress with green foliage and a fringe of cherries, pink and red, as if in the half ripe state, and the sleeves were of gauze resembling wings, reaching to the ground. It was in a room under lock and key and destined for some very exclusive fashionable. I caught a glimpse of a gray Figaro vest with bodice of the palest pink crepe embroidered with pure silver threads. To attempt to describe such a garment is like trying to describe an artist's picture. It was intended for a tea jacket and to be worn over a white cashmere skirt, and the loosely knotted gray sash silk sash completed the toilet. Silk embroidered lisse fans mounted on gilt sticks in the Pompadour style, with metallic butterflies scattered all over, or waved designs of lace and crepe lisse are quite the newest style. Golden barley and little rings of gold ornament the borders of hats and bonnets when made of Vandyke lace, and powdered wafers are lightly used upon white tulle for hat trimmings. Toques look novel with maiden hair ferns or wreaths of green grapes. All mixtures of flowers and fruit are harmoniously blended, and crepe is the component part of dresses and hats. I would advise all lovers of jersey jackets to notice the pretty one exhibited in a large glass case at the Exposition; they are such coquettish ones in all the uncommon shades. A terra cotta pink, with plastron in crepe and director's revers (the inner part of the sleeve is opened to show a twisted fold of crepe) was pretty enough to be worn over a costly silk or satin costume, and it is hinted that a heavy ribbed quality of jersey goods will be used for fall walking jackets. Meanwhile Dame Fashion is seated upon the mane of Notre Dame, ready to turn her styles whichever way the winds may blow from the couturiers and modistes' shops to-morrow.—ADA THORPE LORTUS in New York Mercury.

## The Way a Man Gets Well.

Convalescent Husband (first day after crisis)—Have I been very ill, dear?

Wife—Very, very ill.

Husband—I suppose it will be months before I shall be able to get to town again?

Wife—Not so long as that, I hope, dear. But you mustn't talk. Try and sleep.

Husband (second day after crisis)—You must be tired out watching over me, dear?

Wife—A little tired; but I am so thankful the danger is past.

Husband—You must wait until I get out again, and if I don't surprise you with something, my name is not John Smith. And the doctor, too. He is a wonderful man, to have brought me round as he has. I'll remember him. I suppose a couple of weeks from now will see me all right again?

Wife—Possibly, dear; but don't worry about such matters. Let your mind rest.

Husband (third day after crisis)—What does the doctor say about me now?

Wife—He says you're doing splendidly, darling.

Husband—Doing splendidly! Does he call it doing splendidly to lie here like a log and pick out faces from the paper on the wall?

Wife—There, there, dear, don't be unreasonable. Everything that is possible is being done for you.

Husband (fourth day after crisis)—Isn't it about time that idiot of a doctor was here?

Wife—He will be here presently.

Husband—Presently! You are worse than he is. I'm going to the office next week, and don't let there be any mistake about it.

And he did go, and then he went back, and stayed there for six weeks before he could again leave the house.

## Swindled by a Dream.

Hostetter Maginnis dropped into Mose Staumburg's store one day last week, and instead of his usual cordial greeting the latter accented him with the following:

"Maginnis, old boy, I've so mad as der tuyvil!"

"What has roused your ire?" interrogated Hostetter.

Gott in himmel! I dream las' nite I was zelling a cote fur twenty-five tollers vot yust cost five, and it yust meck me mat, cos it vas all a dream. I gif you my wort, I yust lose twenty tollers by dat dream."

The Prior Advertising Agency (Limited) Newspaper and Magazine Advertising 120 YONGE STREET, TORONTO Cor. Adelaide St., up stairs.

Advertisements written, appropriately displayed, and profusely furnished with estimates, without charge on application. The entire details of advertising undertaken, and newspapers kept on file for the inspection of advertisers. Advertisements inserted in any newspaper on the American Continent at publishers' lowest rates. Correspondence solicited.

DANCING AND MUSIC Just now we are having our holidays, and we are enjoying them hugely, but in the meantime we want to tell you something. We want to tell you that our talent for instruction has become known all over the continent of America. As a result we are in receipt of many letters from dancing teachers and others throughout CANADA and the United States, each and all containing money orders for our dances and music. "Ripple," "Jersey," "La Frolique," "La Bronce," "Grotte Lancers." Orders have been received from the following places (letters on view to any doubting Thomas):

## TO CAMPING PARTIES

We have on hand a full and specially selected stock of camping and picnic supplies, including Fine Wines, Liquors and aerated waters, put up in assorted cases to suit, and shipped to all resorts. We will pay shipping charges on all orders of \$10 and upwards. Try our celebrated "MIKADO" blende of whiskey---easy to take---and with all the nutritive qualities required by invalids.

Orders by mail, wire or telephone promptly attended to.

## F. P. BRAZILL &amp; CO.

165 King Street East

TORONTO

N. B.—Try a case (12 bottles) of our Choice Claret, \$5 per case, cheapest in the market. "Aged whiskies our specialty."

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE  
WHITBY

Literary course based on University curriculum. Music and Fine Arts under direction of ablest masters. Education and Commercial branches by gifted specialists. Social Habits and Manners receive marked attention from lady principal of known ability. Gymnasium elaborately equipped for scientific physical culture. Magnificent buildings; extensive grounds; healthful home. Fifteenth year begins September 5.

For calendar address: REV. J. J. HARE, Ph. D., Principal.

## LORNE STEAMER PARK SUMMIT HOUSE

From Yonge Street Wharf 10 a.m., and 2 and 5.30 p.m. Returning from Park 12 noon, 4 and 7.30 p.m. Fare 25 cents. Children under 12, 15 cents. Ticket and Excursion office on Yonge Street Wharf.

"LONG BRANCH"  
THE POPULAR SUMMER RESORT ON LAKE ONTARIO.

Steamers Rupert and Queen of the Isles Nine round trips daily. The most delightful one-hour sail from Toronto Harbor. Fare 25 cents.

FAMILY BOOK TICKETS, 20 per cent. discount, at Head Office, 54 Church St., or Agents. Hotel now open. Telephone 1772 for rates and all information regarding Picnics, Excursions, Moonlights, etc.

HAMILTON FRASER & SONS, Proprietors.

## HANLAN'S POINT

Saturday Afternoon and Evening Grand Open Air Concert

BY THE BAND OF THE Q. O. R. Steampers will leave Yonge, York and Brock streets every 20 minutes. Last boat leaves Island at 11 p.m. Band Concerts will be given every evening.

DOTY FERRY CO.

## NIAGARA NAVIGATION CO.

MAGNIFICENT SIDEWHEEL STEAMERS Chicora and Cibola Leave Yonge Street Wharf, Toronto, at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m. for Niagara and Lewiston, making close connection with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Suspension Bridge, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Erie, Cleveland, etc.

Family Book Tickets at Very Low Rates

Particulars from C. W. IRWIN, Agent, 40 Yonge Street, Toronto.

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and all Points East Daily from Geddes' Wharf, at 7.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. by the PALACE STEAMER

## EMPRESS OF INDIA

Solid British Built. The finest steamship in the world for excursion parties. Tickets from all G. T. R. and Empress of India Ticket Agents.

## ALMA—The Leading Canadian College for Young Women

ST. THOMAS - ONT. Nearly 300 students last year. Seventeen Graduates and Certificated Teachers in Faculty. Graduating courses with Certificates and Diplomas in Literature, Music, Fine Arts, Education and Commercial Science. In the recent Art Examinations Alma won 110 Provincial Certificates, including Four Full Advanced Certificates—the only four granted in the Province; also 2 Gold Medal Certificates and 6 Full Primaries.

MELACHLIN HALL—The elegant new addition costing \$20,000 now open. 2nd thorough work. Low rates. Good board. 50 p. announcement FREE. Address PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B.D.

## BUSINESS EDUCATION

The Canadian Business University and Shorthand Institute will reopen on Monday, September 2, 1889

Write or call for circular. We guarantee satisfaction in every department.

Nearly Four Hundred Pupils Last Year

Canadian Business University. Public Library Buildings, Toronto, Ont. THOS. BENGHOUGH, President. CHAS. H. BROOKS, Sec. and Manager.

Hamilton - - - Ont.

MANUFACTURERS

R. M. WANZER & CO.



## Playing a Tramp Mean.

"There are some districts out West where the folks imagine they own the earth," said the tramp as he stretched himself out on the bench and covered his face with his old hat. "I struck such a district a few weeks ago, down in Indiana. I got into a country where signs were as plenty as thistles, and every one of them read:

Tramps Beware! Six Months in Jail for Tramping!  
"Those signs are often put up for a bluff, and I determined to hoof it right along. I hadn't gone five miles after seeing the first sign when I was overhauled by a constable and several farmers and rushed to jail in the nearest village. They left me there over night to be examined next day. There were two other prisoners—one for stealing and the other for assault and battery. They were down on the law, of course, and we had time to fix up a little plan. By trading clothes around I got to look quite respectable, and as both men had money they chipped in and made me up six dollars. Next morning, when taken before the magistrate, I claimed to be on my way home to Indianapolis, and as I had money to pay my way he discharged me.

Then I went for the parties who had arrested me. The constable was scared into fits, and he gave me a silver watch and \$15 to settle. I got \$20 each out of three of the farmers, and \$15 apiece from the two others, making more money than I had ever had at any one time before in my life. I ought to have had sense enough to leave with my booty, but I hadn't. I got drunk, was locked up again, and I'll be hanged if the two prisoners who had helped me out of the first scrape didn't steal and divide my money, change all the old duds back, and chuckle with satisfaction when I got thirty days for my offence! Can't depend on Western human nature, now. I've had a farmer invite me in to eat ice cream and black berry pie, and then set three dogs on me as I thanked him and backed out. I prefer the East. An Eastern man is always up and down with you, and a farmer's wife will either give you the grand bounce on sight or do up your sore fingers, and set out a whole currant pie."

## How He Bought a Ticket to the Ball.

A Cambridge gentleman was asked to buy a ticket to the firemen's ball and good-naturedly complied. The next question was what to do with it. One of his two man-servants would probably be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket and give both of his servants a pleasure. Not knowing just how to proceed he inquired of a policeman where the tickets were to be had. "Why don't you go down to the engine house?" said the officer; "the men all know you." So the old gentleman went to the engine house, but when he entered there was no one in sight. He had never been in such a place before, but was perfectly familiar with the use of electric signals. On the side of the room was a button, evidently connected with a bell, and naturally enough, after waiting a minute or two, he put his thumb upon it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. From the air overhead, so, at least, it seemed to the old gentleman in his bewilderment—men began to rain down, completing their toilets as they fell. The horses rushed out of their stalls, and in a word, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly in motion. Amid all this turmoil stood the mild-mannered and innocent old gentleman, who, even now, did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm. The men rushed upon him for information as to the whereabouts of the fire, but when he opened his mouth it was only to say in the mildest accents: "I would like to buy another ticket to the ball, if you please."

The situation was so ludicrous that no one could be angry, not even the men whose nap had been broken into, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and departed in peace.—*Providence Journal.*

## Weighty Matters.

In dim light all evening  
The poor rocking-chair  
A full double burden  
Had managed to bear.

And it patiently bore it  
With faithfulness meek,  
Nor betrayed how it suffered  
By murmur or squeak.

But there came from its depths,  
In a voice soft and low:  
"Do you think, Harry dear,  
That we heavier grow?"

"I am sure," he said, "Laura,  
No lighter are you've grown!"  
"And I think," she said slyly,  
"You're 'holding your own.'"

## A New Kind of Album.

What won't the young folks get into their heads next! We heard of a young woman the other day who is the owner of a pig album. If you are acquainted with her, you will speedily find out what a pig album really is. She inflicts it upon all her friends, and has rare enjoyment out of their painful efforts to please her. The pig album is a small album filled with unruled pages. On one of them the owner of the album requests you to draw a pig, the only condition being that you close your eyes while doing so. You cannot in your wild-eyed nightmares picture such a pig as you will draw with your eyes closed. Of course you will begin at the head, draw the ears and the nose and the back with a few skilful strokes, then you will deftly add the curly tail and give his pigskin a serviceable eye. After this you can open your own eyes. When you look at your masterly work you will want to hide your diminished head under the nearest article of furniture. Then the girl, with a sad, sweet smile, will quietly put your name on the same page with the nondescript you have drawn—and quartered, too—and keep it to show her next victims. When she gets the book full it is to be presumed that she will label it, "Unfinished Fragments of Bacon.—Wilson, N. Y., Star.

## "Diamond Cut Diamond."

Sister Anne—The Miss Simpingtons are coming.  
Sister Mary—They cut mamma when they were driving with the Duchess of Tooting.  
"They are howling to us."  
"It is our turn now. Let us look right through them as if we could see their back hair."

**HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.**  
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.  
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. Toronto.

**The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb**  
Births.

FRENCH—On July 27, at Deseronto, Mrs. E. C. French—a son.  
GREEN—On July 26, at Halifax, N. S., Mrs. Fred W. Green—a son.  
KELK—On July 25, at Hamilton, Mrs. Fred Kelk—a son.  
SCHREIBER—On July 25, at Springfield on Credit, Mrs. H. H. Schreiber—a son.  
THOMPSON—On July 26, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson—a son.  
BANKIER—On July 26, Mrs. P. M. Bankier—a daughter.  
COGGES—On July 25, at Weston, Ont., Mrs. T. C. Cogges, of Poplar Point, Man.—a daughter.  
DEFRIES—On July 25, at Toronto, Mrs. T. W. Defries—a son.  
DELAFORE—On July 24, at Toronto, Mrs. Alex. Delafore—a son.  
TIGHE—On July 24, at Toronto, Mrs. W. E. D. Tighe—a daughter.  
BETHUNE—On July 25, at Port Dover, Mrs. W. R. Bethune, of Staple Grove, Maple Creek, N. W. T.—a daughter.  
KING—On July 24, at Barrie, Mrs. E. W. King—a son.  
LEE—On July 31, at Toronto, Mrs. A. Burrell Lee—a son.  
OGILVIE—On July 19, at Toronto, Mrs. Robert Ogilvie—a daughter.

Do you expect factory-made garments to show that dainty perfection you want to see in Baby's dress? But with either of the two new and elegant Family Sewing Machines just produced by the Singer Manufacturing Co. you can do work good enough even for Baby.

WE GUARANTEE PERFECTION.



The Singer Manufacturing Company  
No. 66  
King St. West  
Toronto  
Agencies  
Everywhere

## OUR SUMMER SALE

COMMENCED

TUESDAY, JULY 2

Reductions 20 to 40 p. c.—Ten Cents off Each Whole Dollar Bill

OVERBUYING LAST WINTER CAUSES A SURPLUS—A surplus of fresh, new, desirable goods. Plums—Real good things, and we have made up our minds to sacrifice them. We have \$50,000 worth of goods received in excess of orders. They shall be sold regardless of cost. MILLINERY, MANTLES, DRESS GOODS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, CLOTHING, ETC. All will be sacrificed. Special lines all over the store will be reduced from 20 to 40 per cent, besides which 10c. will be allowed on each dollar purchased for cash.

SEASIDE FLANNELS, FINE DRESS GOODS—The whole of this beautiful stock at sale prices. No reserve. An elegant assortment of Seaside Flannels at 15c. a yard and 10c. off the dollar besides. Ceylon Flannels in many patterns. Bargains in every corner. Chances in every line.

During July and August store closes at 6 p.m., Saturdays included.



**R. WALKER & SONS**  
King Street East

HURST—At 298 Carlton street, Toronto, on July 25, Mrs. Aubrey O. Hurst—a daughter.

## Marriages.

MACRAE—DUFFY—On July 29, at Toronto, Evelyn Macrae to Frances Elizabeth Duffy.  
COOMBS—WHITE—On July 24, at Toronto, James Coombs to Margaret White.  
McLELLAN—PATTISON—On July 24, at Fergus, Thomas Edwin McLellan to Madeline Pattison of Fergus.  
TIPPINS—WATERS—On July 25, at Toronto, W. H. Tippins to Anna Waters.  
McCREADY—BRADFORD—On July 24, at Toronto, Robert A. McCreedy to Mary Ann Louise Bradford.  
LESLIE—ANDERSON—At Toronto, Thomas W. Leslie to Mary Edna Anderson of Winnipeg.  
O'CONNOR—SIMMONS—On July 29, at Barrie, James O'Connor of Toronto to Margaret J. Simmons of Midhurst.  
BEVERIDGE—BRIGGS—On July 16, at Barrie, Fife-shire, Scotland, John Beveridge of Kinneston to Marion Ne'lon Briggs of Barrie.  
CROSSLAND—SLEAS—At Toronto, On July 29, 1889, by the Rev. H. Grassett Baldwin, W. H. Crossland, second son of the late James Crossland of Dundas, Ont., to Elizabeth Sleas, daughter of the late John Sleas of H. M. C.  
WILSON—EDMONDSON—On July 29, at Hamilton, John Wilson of Toronto to Lizzie Edmondson.

## Deaths.

BEVAN—On July 26 and 27, at Toronto, Helen Louise and Maria Adelaide, aged respectively 2 months 24 days, and 2 months 25 days, twin children of the late Mrs. W. H. Bevan.  
CUNDEL—At Toronto, Freddie Bloor Cundel, aged 1 year.  
DAVIS—On July 26, at Davisville, Mrs. John Davis, aged 70 years.  
SPARROWHAWK—On July 25, at Toronto, Richard Frank Sparrowhawk, aged 10 months.  
WILAY—On July 26, at Toronto, George Wray, late of H. M. Customs.  
CLARKE—On July 29, at Toronto, Joseph L. Clarke, aged 15 years.  
DODD—On July 29, at Toronto, Mrs. Isabella Dodd, aged 76 years.  
HUSTON—On July 26, at Toronto, William Arthur, infant son of W. H. Huston.  
MULVEY—On July 28, at Toronto, William A. Mulvey, infant son of William and Kate Elizabeth Mulvey.  
SNARE—On July 30, at Toronto, Herbert George Snare, WORLD—On July 27, drowned in Toronto Bay, Thomas Taylor World, aged 59; also Madeline World, aged 14 years.  
WALTON—On July 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Matthew Walton, FERGUSON—On July 27, at Toronto, Bella Ferguson.  
THOMPSON—On July 24, at Chicago, Edna, aged 4 years; also on July 27, at Toronto, Willie, aged 2 years, children of Mrs. Carrie Thompson.  
HARCOURT—On July 29, at Chicago, George Harcourt of Toronto, aged 69 years.  
BEDEL—On July 31, Ross Alexander Bedel, infant son of Mr. John Bedel, aged 2 months.  
MUSSEN—On July 31, at Allanburg, Ont., Philip Skelton Mussen, age 1 1/2 years.  
RALPH—On July 31, at Toronto, Sadie M. Ralph, aged 10 years.  
GORRIE—On July 28, at Toronto, George Alexander Gorrie, aged one year.  
FORBES—On July 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Annie Forbes, aged 75 years.  
BEST—On July 29, at Orono, John Best, aged 72 years.  
MARR—On July 24, at Simcoe, Walker H. Marr, M. D.  
MOODIE—On July 29, at Toronto, John Moodie.  
MOSS—On July 29, at Toronto, Robert, infant son of Sigismund S. and Charlotte Harriett Moss.  
BASTFIELD—On July 24, at Princeton, David Bastfield, aged 66 years.  
HENRY—On July 31, near Thornton, Maggie L. Henry.  
WALLACE—On July 31, at Toronto, Grace Linton Wallace, aged 13 months.  
BELL—On July 31, at Toronto, Rowland, infant son of Edward Bell.  
FREEMAN—On July 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Edw. Freeman.

J. F. THOMPSON. GEORGE DUNSTAN.

*Thompson & Dunstan*  
**REAL ESTATE BROKERS**  
Mail Building, Bay Street  
Telephone 1,327

EAST TORONTO BRANCH—796 Queen Street East.  
E. MACRAE, Manager.  
WEST TORONTO BRANCH—59 Dundas St.  
A. MEREDITH, Manager.

## "DOMINION"

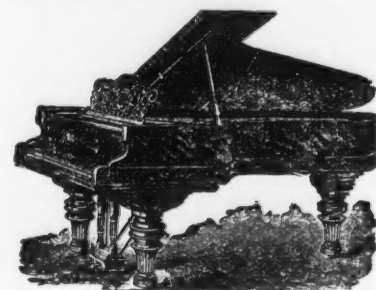
The "Dominion" Pianos continue everywhere to lead in Canada. Their uniform excellence and individual perfection inspire the confidence of the people, who find them in every case fully as represented. The Dominion Company have always sought to make only the best. The great sale of their Pianos and Organs to-day bears witness to their success.

Sole Agency, J. S. POWLEY & Co., Toronto Temple of Music, 68 King Street West.

## PIANOS

**MENDELSSOHN PIANO COY**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**HIGH-CLASS PIANOS**

Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.



Easy and Sympathetic Touch, Fineness and Purity of Tone.

**AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS**

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

91 AND 93 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

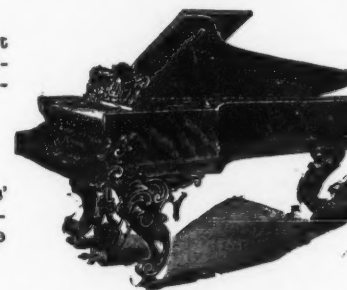
**HEINTZMAN & CO.**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**PIANOFORTES**

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.



Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto

**ALLAN FURNITURE CO.**  
5 KING EAST TORONTO

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES  
LADIES' SECRETARIES  
DINING-ROOM SETS  
PARLOR CABINETS  
CHIFFONIERS  
TWISTED TABLES  
FANCY CHAIRS, &c.

**FURNITURE**

FINE AND MEDIUM

Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

**PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE**

UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER

Having a first-class staff of men I am enabled to give full satisfaction at very reasonable prices.  
Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

486 Yonge Street **R. F. PIEPER** Opposite Carlton St.

For rates and full information apply to any C. P. R. Ticket Agent. City offices: 118 King Street West, 24 York Street, 56 Yonge Street, and Union Station, north side.